

The TATLER

Vol. CLI. No. 1967.

London
March 8, 1939



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LADY VIOLET ASTOR

CONTROLLER COUNTY OF LONDON AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE

The Auxiliary Territorial Service of which Lady Violet Astor is Controller County of London will doubtless do as good service should the unhappy necessity arise, as did all those other fine organizations run by women in the last war, and this particular one could not have a better C.O. Major the Hon. John Astor, whom Lady Violet married in 1916, was very severely wounded in the last war. As the world knows he is Chairman of the Times Publishing Company, and in less serious occupation Chairman of Hurlingham, and, as such, naturally very interested at the moment in the fortunes of our International Polo team



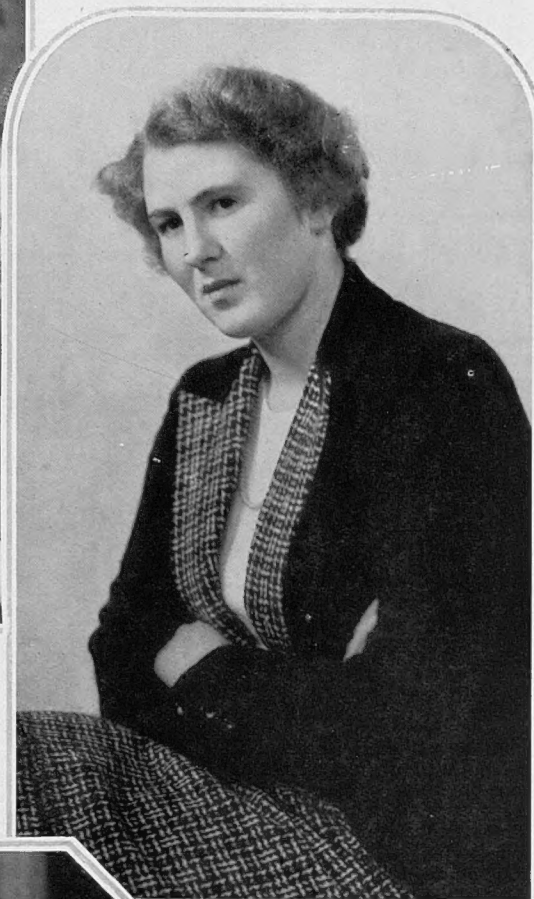
LADY SWINFEN AND HER SON

Jane Haydon

A photograph taken on the day Lord and Lady Swinfen's twelve-weeks-old son was christened Roger Mynors at All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, where his parents were married two years ago. Lady Swinfen, formerly Miss Mary Farmar, is Colonel and Mrs. H. M. Farmar's daughter. Lord Swinfen, whose father, the First Baron, was Master of the Rolls, became a Barrister of the Inner Temple in 1931.

THE test of a Christmas card's artistic merit, apart from the sender's kindly or perfunctory thought, is to receive it more than two months later after journeying across half the world. In my case, those which have matured on the voyage, unlike certain wines, include the witty "Must Keep Fit" caricature of that versatile, fantastical and sometimes profound gentleman, "Jim" Lawrence, who wishes his friends "a quiet life" (as if they wanted one), and a beautiful "Christmas in the Hebrides" poem by Sir Ian Malcolm; "full of the old faith they were." The George Heneages, whose Victorian conversation group with their children, "after A. Zinkeisen," was a witty one, have exchanged the Scottish winter scene for super-Cannes instead of Marrakech this year; however, the latter oasis is favoured by Lord and Lady Sackville, who will not be back at Knole until the beginning of April. Lady Munro of Lindertis, who has just joined Sir "Tammy" on the Riviera, went to India with her father, Mr. Kenneth Hunter, for a fortnight. It is where the Captain of Dunstaffnage would like to be, as his Bardwell nephews are recent additions to those civil and military units which serve their country, without chi-chi, and are facetiously called the backbone of the Empire by those who do not venture east of Le Touquet. Dunstaffnage does

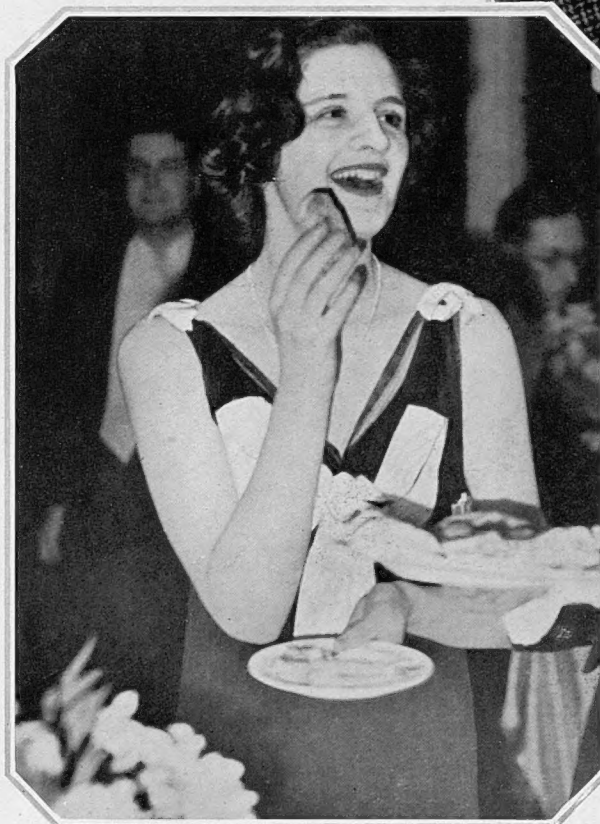
And the World Said—



J. R. Brinkley, Glasgow

LADY JEAN GRAHAM

The younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose and one of Scotland's most important contributions to the ranks of this season's débutantes. Three other members of ducal families are Lady Jean Graham's coming out contemporaries, namely, Lady Elizabeth Scott, Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill and Lady Anne FitzRoy.



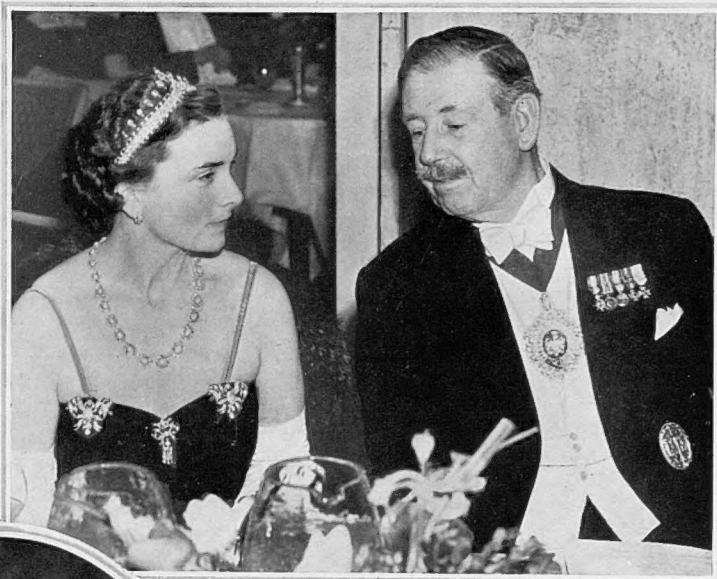
Hamlin, Brighton

LADY PATRICIA FRENCH

Lord de Freyne's eldest sister thoroughly approving of the buffet supper at the "Daffodil Ball" held at Southover Grange, near Lewes, in aid of the Young Sussex Artists' Exhibition Fund. An exhibition of the work of these young painters of Sussex, whose ages range from seventeen to twenty-seven, is given annually under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

not see the possibility of travelling further from his Argyllshire fastness than London this spring, to see Mrs. Tatton Bardwell present their niece, Rosemary Aglionby. Another 1939 débutante, Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, is lucky to be spending the spring of her year in Florida with her exquisite grandmother, Madame Jacques Balsan, on an enchanted island ten miles from the organized flesh-potting of Palm Beach. Lady Sarah's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, join the golfing fraternity and sisterhood every day, either at the Everglades, which corresponds in length to the Wee Course at Gleneagles; the new "Charlie" Munn Country Club in the middle of the island; the attractive Seminole about fifteen miles north on the mainland; or the club at Boca Roton, said to be nearer the Gulf Stream than any other *terra*. It is there that Mrs. Van Gerbig (much

better remembered as Dorothy Fell, Lady Granard's pretty and agreeable niece) plays with her husband, while the Gene Tunneys play at Hobe Sound where Simon Elwes has been painting "Sonny" Whitney, who has a place there—thirty miles north of Palm Beach—and where the most beautiful visitor was Mrs. William H. Wetmore, a young New Yorker who sets the Hudson on fire. Lord Knollys and sporting "Margaret," his wife, who has more common sense and sense of humour than most women, spent a week there at the Beach House, ostensibly rustivating in one of its bungalows, but actually drawn to Palm Beach by the irresistible magnet of American hospitality at least once a day. They got back to England last week and are planning one of their inimitable sausage parties to enliven the flatness of London in March, which to my mind is not only a good deed but highly intelligent because by May there will be a glut of parties, whether it turns out a "good" year or not. I am unable to distinguish a good year, socially speaking, from a bad year, leaving that to the daily Press which goes in for statistics such as how many little gilt chairs have been hired; as if enjoyment or even employment could be gauged by hard facts—in this instance very hard indeed. *Per se* the Palm Beach season was declared a bad one by the New York Press, and the inhabitants suffered from their annual December dumps followed by January jumps ("nobody's coming down") yet by the middle of February it was impossible to park anywhere within easy walking distance of the Alibi, or to play off the first tee in a hurry after the Seminole Sunday buffet lunch, which is as celebrated for its stone crabs as Swinley for its cottage pie. Selecting the baked meats and topping them with what is called here "deep apple pie," to which should be added a soupçon of vanilla ice, was Lord Carnarvon, who won a second prize in the country club competition with that surprisingly sound golfer, Mrs. "Archie" Campbell, a partner; the Seminole Tombstone, on which betting was high, being won by Mrs. William Woods Plankinton, whose son and daughter were St. Litzers, partnered by Mr. "Len" Ward, who rowed 7 for Harvard in 1907 and has kept his rowing shoulders. These golfing faces, and then some, fair to the Alibi later; others seen laughing on its pure white patio include



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND
THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

At the Fifth Annual British Industries Dinner Ball organized by the British Women's Hospitality Committee in connexion with the B.I.F. which this year attracted more overseas buyers than ever to Olympia, Earls Court and Castle Bromwich. London's Lord Mayor (Major Sir Frank Bowater) and Lady Mayoress were amongst those who received Her Royal Highness and over 1,000 other guests at Grosvenor House



LADY ST. DAVIDS

Fayer

Lord St. Davids' charming wife, to whom a son was born on February 1. Formerly Miss Doreen Jowett, Lady St. Davids is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Jowett, of Toorak, Melbourne and St. Augustine's Mansions, Westminster. Her marriage took place quietly last spring a few weeks after her husband had succeeded as

2nd Viscount

found at the highspots; preferring their own houses, but they are not averse to big dinner parties such as Mrs. Chadwick gives, followed by big cigars. At one of these I met up with Mr. Charles Davis, of Chicago, whose Corporation used to make certain parts for Mr. Morris's motors before that magnate became Lord Nuffield and made all his own at home. Mr. Davis opines that Lord Essendon has about the brightest brain he ever encountered, which I pass on because it is always interesting to obtain a transatlantic slant on our captains of industry and organization, or on Germany's for that matter, Mr. George Dobyne, opposite us, expressing the view that his friend Dr. Schacht, who piloted the Reichsbank until recently, is one of the most remarkable and honest men alive; which assertion brought up Winchell's latest—"The totalitarian finance departments appear to have run out of red ink and stopped keeping books." Mr. Dobyne, who keeps a yacht named *Cocoanut*, is married to the only American in Palm Beach who can talk Scotch when she wants to. Half a Robertson and half a Macdonald, Mrs. Dobyne is the owner of a magnificent pearl dog collar in which she looked every inch



PRINCE DMITRI DJORDJADZE AND HIS BRIDE

Maidstone Register Office was the setting for the marriage last week of Princess Ilyinsky, daughter of the late Mr. John J. Emery, American millionaire, and of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Anson, to Prince Dmitri Djordjadze, who has lately made his home in Paris. This Georgian prince and his bride, the former wife of the Grand Duke Dmitri, will spend the first part of their honeymoon in France, proceeding later on to Africa

And the World said—*continued*

a chieftainess at the Lace Ball at the Everglades Club, where the cabaret consisted of nearly an hour's performance by a troupe of male dancers through which the bar was packed. One of the first to reach its haven was one of the Everglades' directors, Mr. Frederick Johnson, who sold his stud some years back for a considerable figure. He knows as much about the breeding of thoroughbreds as anyone on this side and is naturally a great admirer of Captain Boyd-Rochfort and of the Aga's horse sense. Mr. Johnson nearly bought "Son-in-Law" for his stud, which sad tale was capped by Sir Harry Lyons whose trainer actually bought "Brown Jack" for him, which Sir Harold Wernher re-purchased almost at once. We all make unlucky decisions in life, and who can prove they were wrong after all? There is consolation in talking them over with a pal, drawing the long bow a bit for poetry's sake, which is what those who visit Henry, the performing fish, are accused of when they get home to the folks who will not believe that in a spring near Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, there lives a most intelligent fish; and not a poor fish either, because all along the way to his watery lair the trees are labelled, "It is absolutely forbidden to dig for hidden treasure," many Indian treasures and prehistoric remains having been unearthed. You explore the lake in a glass-bottomed boat rowed by a delightful negro, who sings to the cat-fish as he throws them bread, "Come ahn dere chillun, yo come to da kitchen and git yos breakfus." Presently you reach the steps hewn by the Indians down into eight feet of water, where on the jungle floor lies the skull of a prehistoric mammoth and, not far away, a common or garden pole. The negro suddenly shouts, "Come on dere now, Henry, wese in hurry dis morning!" and sure enough a big fish comes hurrying along as fast as he can. He jumps the pole when the negro tells him to. After this accomplishment has been sufficiently admired, he is asked, "Were's you lil bo', Henry, were him gorn now?" upon which a much smaller edition of Henry appears and follows his pop, not quite so expertly, through the pole trick. If you don't believe me, you must take a ticket to Walkulla Springs.

A bigger jump takes us to Ashridgewood, where a fish would have had the best of it, says scribe. Occasion the Staff College Drag, R.M.C., and Mounted Infantry Club Point-to-Point. Weather at its wettest, attendance enormous, fields ditto, and racing very good. Lots of falls, but only one casualty reported; to wit, Captain J. E. Gurney, Welsh Guards, who broke a collar-bone. This was in the Infantry Challenge Cups race, in which Captain G. H. G. Smith-Dorrien, 60th, was first past the judges' waggon on "Town Flutter." Second, Mr. E. J. B. Nelson, Grenadiers. Lady Jane Nelson, there to see, was well weatherproofed, but the best cold-cheater was Mrs. Cecil Madden's polar-star turn in the Eskimo manner.

"Kedgerie II" carried most people's money in the Staff College Light-weight Race, and Captain M. D. Erskine's win

was terrifically popular; the Master of the Staff College Drag is Scots Guards, like his father and grandfather before him. Strained relations, trying to look as if they liked it, watched Gentlemen Cadets getting ready to ride. Lord Darling was first home in the Heavyweights on "Hush Hush II," and Mr. V. H. H. McCalmont won the Lightweight event on "Loughan Hill," which must have cost Major Dermot McCalmont a nice bit; Sir David ("Ego") Llewellyn's youngest son, Mr. W. H. R. Llewellyn, was a bad second, but rode a good race.

Major-Generals B. C. T. Paget and T. R. Eastwood, the respective Commandants of the Staff College, and the Royal Military College, were out and about, of course. Their wives came, too, but Mrs. Eastwood very wisely kept mainly to her car, having barely got over a dastardly attack of lumbago. Also in the large R.M.C. contingent were the Jim Hares (she looking entrancing on a day unbecoming to most faces) and the Trappes-Lomaxes, who brought a nice Irish guest in Mrs. W. A. C. Wilkinson, Lord De Freyne's aunt.

London sleuth was a little confused writing up the Gate Theatre first night of *Asmodée*, the second night being also concerned. Point of view of chic. Sir Basil Bartlett, translator of the play, was there on the Sunday with Lady Bartlett, a worthy young descendant in point of looks, of Lily Langtry. The author, M. François Mauriac, and Mme. Mauriac, complete with young son, as well as M. Corbin, the French Ambassador, Mme. de Margerie, wife of the French Embassy's First Secretary, and Sir Edward Marsh waited till the second night to have a look.

Asmodée was first produced in Paris eighteen months ago by the brilliant Comédie Française Company, whose official visit took the King and Queen and all London to the Savoy last week. The title derives from *Le Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage's novel, and the play presents a clash of personalities. M. Mauriac was afterwards Mme. de Margerie's guest of honour at a capital party at her Eaton Square house. The whole cast came and, of course, Norman Marshall, genius of the Gate Theatre. Fashion note: Lady Bessborough's striped jacket, multicoloured complement to a blue dress.

Reminder: That the Ladies' Kennel Association Show takes place at Olympia on March 14; that every variety of dog will be making a date of it; that judging will be in the afternoon, and that obedience classes will include one for Toys. The L.K.A., the largest and oldest fellowship of women dog owners in the world, has H.H. Princess Helena Victoria as president. Its chairman is Lady Burton.

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In our issue of February 27 we stated that Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Paton commanded the King's Dragoon Guards. It has been pointed out to us that this statement is incorrect. Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. E. Tiarks commands the regiment, and Major Paton is second in command.



UP IN NORFOLK

Miss Deborah Birkbeck, Miss V. Thomas and Miss Jane Birkbeck getting a good view at the Norwich Staghouls Point-to-Point Races, held in very agreeable weather at Saxlingham last week. The Misses Birkbeck, good young riders both, are the daughters of Major H. A. Birkbeck, of Westacre, and nieces of Colonel Oliver Birkbeck, who was Master 1929-1937 of the West Norfolk Foxhounds



LORD AND LADY WALPOLE

Photo: Swaebe

Another picture taken at Saxlingham on the day the Norwich Staghouls Point-to-Point was the cause of a big assemblage of local lights. Lord Walpole, owner of Wolterton Park and very knowledgeable on agricultural matters (he was Cirencester as well as Wye trained); married Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harding Jones's youngest daughter in 1937

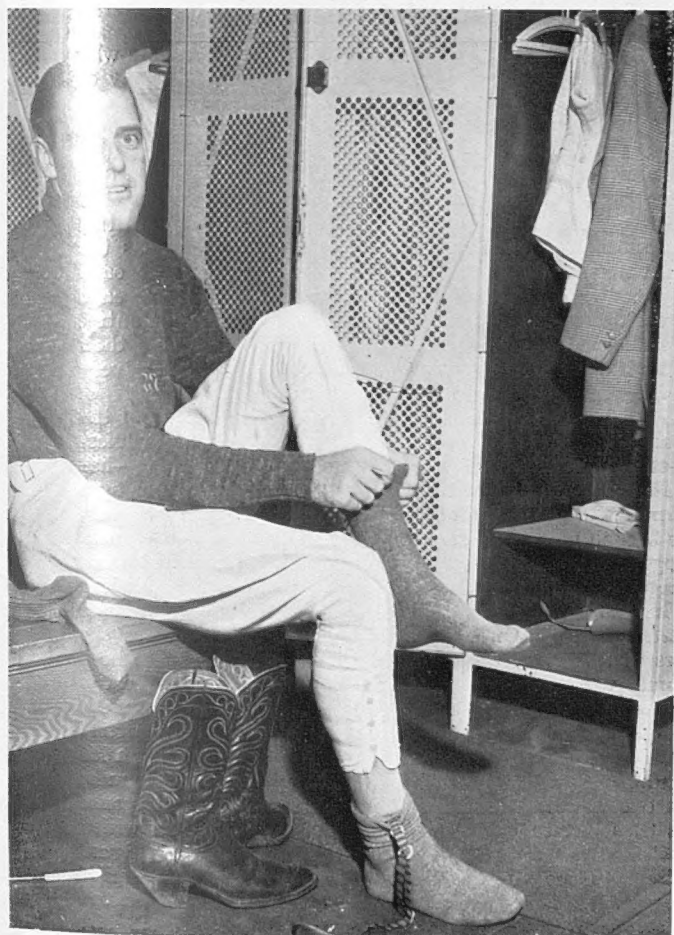
OUR INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAM PREPARING FOR BATTLE



IN LOS ANGELES: MR. JOHN LAKIN
OUR "POSSIBLE" BACK



LORD COWDRAY (NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN), MR. GERALD BALDING
(CAPTAIN), MAJOR N. W. LEAF (MASTER OF THE HORSE)



MR. ERIC TYRRELL-MARTIN
OUR PROBABLE No. 3

Hard at work and undismayed by the many adverse happenings, our international polo team is busy putting the polish on for the fateful encounters on June 4, 11 and 18, and let us hope that all three of these dates will be necessary to arrive at a decision. The death of poor Pat Roark, the indisposition of his brother Aidan, the bad fall Gerald Balding got playing in Kashmir and from which they say he has not even yet completely recovered, and finally the absence on service in Palestine of Humphrey Guinness are not encouraging signs: but we are not downhearted in spite of some pessimists saying that we have only a 10 to 1 chance. The ponies seem to be right, judging by the way they went in the two trial matches so far played in Los Angeles, and for this Major Leaf, Master of the Horse, must be given full marks. Lord Cowdray, the non-playing captain, is the right man to keep the whole family happy and he is seen above in the group with the captain in the field (Gerald Balding) and Major Leaf. The non-playing captain's future brother-in-law (John Lakin) went straight off the ship and into a plane to get to Los Angeles to play in the first trial on February 20, and as things are shaping at the moment may be our back. The team is not yet finally settled, but in these two trials they have gone into action like this: Hesketh Hughes (1), R. Skene (2), Eric Tyrrell-Martin (3), and John Lakin (back). The No. 1 was our 1936 No. 1 and Tyrrell-Martin the skipper. It may be that the 10 to 1 odds will contract



MR. HESKETH HUGHES
OUR PROBABLE No. 1

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

A Good Film, and a Bad

PERSONS IN HIDING at the Plaza is an admirable and unique film. Its uniqueness consists in the fact that it is both sober and exciting. It is unique in a further respect, that it shows gangsterism to be a wholly sordid and unromantic business, and gangsters' molls to be as unglamorous as they are predatory. The story begins with Dorothy, a hairdresser's assistant, who, with all the inclination in the world to have a good time, has not the vaguest notion how to set about getting it. One day she fixes the hair of a common little baggage who tells Dorothy that with her looks and brains she ought to be able to "go places." "Yes," says Dorothy cryptically, "but I don't want to hitch-hike!" The baggage, who has raised ecstasy in Dorothy by anointing her ears with a perfume called Tantalizing, at seventy-five dollars a flask, then allows Dorothy to try on her fur coat, in the pocket of which she finds and steals a jewelled compactum. And from that moment Dorothy's fate is sealed. Her boy calls to take her out, having been unexpectedly repaid a loan of forty dollars, out of which he proposes to spend some five or six. But Dorothy wants to blue the lot, and the wrangle is interrupted by the entry of Freddie Martin, a petty thief with a romantic exterior. Freddie knocks Dorothy's boy over the head, and Dorothy recognizes in him a spiritual mate. The two set out together with a capital of forty dollars and the compactum, and henceforth Dorothy's aim in life is to turn Freddie into a big shot. Together they commit a number of petty hold-ups, and must presently retire for shelter to the home of Dorothy's parents, living in extreme squalor on a poverty-stricken farm. The mother is magnificently played by an actress in whom I think I recognize Miss Helen Twelvetrees, always a much better actress than the insipidities of the normal screen heroine allowed one to suppose.

Presently Freddie and Dorothy emerge from their hiding place into the big world again, with the latter's ambition still unsatisfied. For Freddie is still only a little shot. She feels that she must now do something spectacular, and her way of spectacularity is to telephone the newspapers after every hold-up that it is the work of Freddie Martin. The result is that Freddie gets his name into the papers and Dorothy at last tastes notoriety. The pair are taken on as partners by a gang with big ideas, and soon they are kidnapping and holding to ransom a millionaire whom they keep in durance vile down at the farm. The best part of this film is the patient, unsensational, but not unexciting work, of the detectives engaged on the case. The millionaire was, of course, blindfolded; but a blindfold man can have experiences, and this one notices the creak of the farm gate, the name of the farm dog, the wobble of the farm doorstep, the fact that twice a day at the same hours an aeroplane passed directly over the house. The business of the detectives, therefore, is to locate that farm on the aeroplane route which has that gate, that dog, and that doorstep. This is done. And we see Dorothy so far gone in crime that she will not stop at trussing up the chief detective in the farm kitchen and then setting the place on fire. But by this time Dorothy's mother has been inculcated, and to save her Dorothy is willing to sacrifice Freddie. The ruse does not succeed. Both are taken, though Dorothy would have made her get-away if she had not stopped at a drug store to buy a bottle of Tantalizing at seventy-five dollars. Her final capture is excessively unromantic, and Dorothy, instead of being a world heroine, finds herself without glory and with a life sentence before her. And then comes one of the prettiest touches I have ever seen in the cinema. She picks up a cartridge case and says to the keeper of the drug store: "You may like to have this—it comes from the gun of Freddie Martin!" The man takes the cartridge case, and Dorothy perceives that to him the name of Freddie Martin just doesn't mean a thing. It is possible that my account of this film has made it seem dull. Nothing could be further from the truth; I sat through it entirely spell-bound. Doubtless this was largely due to Miss Patricia Morison, a brilliantly clever actress with immense personal charm and a cool, calculating brain which keeps that charm within the bounds allotted to it by her picture. The result is a piece of acting of complete integrity. Your interest is not in the actress but in the



RAY BOLGER AND JEANNETTE MACDONALD IN A SCENE FROM "SWEETHEARTS" THE NEW COLOUR FILM AT THE EMPIRE

This is a picture with a story within a story, or perhaps better expressed in this case as an operetta within a story. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy play a husband and wife who have been acting together in this operetta for so long that it has eventually got on their nerves, and they decide to part, which they proceed to do, but, as is usual, all turns out well in the end and they come together again. Ray Bolger takes the part of a noted Broadway dance star

character, and I cannot easily think of any other actress who would not have used the film as an excuse for a display of personal magnetism, and so wrecked it.

I found *Gunga Din* at the Gaumont equally enthralling; I sat throughout marvelling that such uncontrolled absurdity can be taken seriously. It was the first showing of the day and every seat was occupied. The piece begins with that postulate which rules Hollywood's notion of the British Army, that sergeants whose brotherly affection exceeds the love of women alternate their time between saving each other's lives and expressing a determination to shove each other's faces in. The plot happens in the *Beau Geste* country, with British colonels who should know better leading their troops zestfully into an ambush which would not deceive a child of three, the troops appearing to consist entirely of Scottish pipers blowing their lungs out for the benefit of the local banks and braes. For the fraternizing of our soldiers three—the whole thing is incredibly Kipling-esque—has resulted in causing offence to a tribe of Thugs ruled over by a kind of male Gagool. (When Kipling falters, Haggard bravely fills the breach.) All is lost, in so far as the three heroes have been flogged and bayoneted. Which gives *Gunga Din* his cue for action. Now *Gunga Din*'s heroism is confined by Kipling to one incident as clearly cut as that of Sir Philip Sidney at the Battle of Zutphen. But this by no means suffices the directors of this picture. *Gunga Din* showed himself to be a better man than anybody in Europe by climbing to the top of a golden temple and blowing a bugle. Whereupon the British colonel realizes that he is an ass, and the Scottish pipers suddenly change into a cavalry unit, which, after a lot of charging which must have cost many thousands of pounds, restores order and rescues our three friends, whose bayonet wounds turn out to be mere surface scratches. After which the British Army returns to its base for tiffin, and a figure pretending to be Kipling and looking remarkably like "Monsewer" Eddie Gray, writes his poem. This is recited by the colonel over the bier of *Gunga Din*, upon which Mr. Cary Grant, Mr. Victor McLaglen, and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jun. drop manly tears. This monumental nonsense was received by the audience with monumental solemnity.

AT LUDLOW'S



SIR FRANCIS WINNINGTON
AND MISS PALETHORPE



LADY ROSEMARY
GRESHAM—AN OWNER

JUMPING MEETING



LADY AMY BIDDULPH AND MISS
LANE TALK TO A FRIEND



MR. J. WHITAKER WITH
MISS FETHERSTONHAUGH



MISS P. NORMAN AND
THE HON. RICHARD LYGON



SIR SOTHERN AND
LADY HOLLAND

Photos: Truman Howell

Yielding going, good weather and enough runners in every race, bar one, to make 1, 2, 3 betting possible were the leading notes at this excellent centre. Winning owners managed to elude the camera's beady eye, but some who had no winners did not. Lady Rosemary Gresham, Lord Erroll's only sister, had Front Page running in the Shropshire Hunters' 'Chase, and he finished fifth in a field in which there were many disasters. Miss D. Muir's Carthage won it, piloted by Major Prior-Palmer, who is riding not a few winners these days. Sir Sothern Holland ran Glimpse of Light in the Tenbury Hurdle Race and he finished fourth in a rather long drawn-out finish. The engagement of the Hon. Richard Lygon to Miss Patricia Russell, the charming stage and screen actress, was announced a short time ago. Sir Francis Winnington, seen talking things over with Miss Palethorpe, used to be in the Welsh Guards and lives in Worcester-shire. Lady Amy Biddulph, a sister of Lord Normanton, and her friend are also obviously seeking information from the gentleman who cold-shouldered the always assiduous photographic collector of celebrities



QUENBY HALL FLOODLIT FOR THE QUORN HUNT BALL

G. B. Scott

Quenby, as all the hunting world knows, is the very stately abode of Sir Harold and Lady Nutting, he having been Master or joint-Master of the Quorn since 1930—sole Master since 1932 and Master again next season, in spite of his expressed intention to resign at the end of this. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, in spite of having been in the wars from a fall, was present at the recent Hunt Ball

A Leicestershire Letter.

SCENT has not been too good this week. On Monday the Quorn, thanks to two good foxes running up wind from the Curate's Gorse and Six Hills, brought off a couple of very nice hunts with a bit of pace about them. The Master was not out; Phillip took another toss, fortunately without harm, so Bertram took charge. The wild women were either absent or responded gracefully to Bertram's soothing warnings. The motor cars were again a nuisance, getting round in front of the evening hunt near Seagrave. On Tuesday the Cottessmore had a couple of good slow hunts over some of the best of their country. Finding in Owston Littlewood, they killed a tired fox in Ranksboro'. Finding again in Noodle's Lane, they hunted past Ashwell to near Wyfordby in the Belvoir country, just north of the River Eye. Probably the best hunt of the week was the Wednesday morning hunt of the Belvoir. Donnie has recovered sufficiently to indulge in his favourite hobby of collecting cash. Being Ash Wednesday, the meet was postponed till twelve noon, to give us time to get from church. There was news of an outlier, and Donnie had constructed a quarter open "pay only" gate *en route*. This was effective as the outlier got on his legs before the last corner had clocked in through the pay gate. There ensued a good hunt, starting rather slowly at first, towards Stapleford. Hounds swung back left-handed, beginning to run fast. After describing a complete left-handed circle near Freeby village, they ran up towards Lord Dysart's and eventually lost him between there and Freeby Wood.

The biggest crowd of the season attended the Belvoir Saturday meet at Langar Hall. Funny how people suddenly discover that there is fox-hunting at the end of February! If they have the horses, why don't they find it out sooner? Or was it the free issue of port that drew them?

There were three hunts, none of them very remarkable but

all quite enjoyable. On Saturday night Fernie's Hunt had a Wire Fund Ball. The Spencers very generously lent their house and it was, of course, a wild success; but we don't know how breaking plates and other hooliganisms can help any fund.

From the Fernie.

Saddington on Monday was *en fête*. Midst genial sunshine and on perfect going the XII Royal Lancers held their point-to-point over the vale and a splendid show they gave with twenty-two riders up. Captain Horsburgh-Porter on "Sanctum" had a comfortable win, while Captain Carr won the Neil Haig Charger's Cup with "Fan II" for the second year in succession. It was a cheery party that gathered around the mess tent after the race. We were pleased to see Arthur and his bride home again, having flown from North Africa to take part in his regimental race. Hounds met later, and having pushed their way through throngs of spectators and masses of motor cars eventually reached Gumley, where we

quickly found and ringed round the Laughton country with several foxes in front, but who left little scent to work upon. John Ball and Walton also provided material but although a poor scenting day and frequent heading by motor cars, it was good to be out under such delightful conditions. The Mastership has at last been settled. Mr. Reginald Wright, late M.F.H. South Atherstone, has been appointed to fill the vacancy. We are glad to know that Peaker—who has hunted these hounds for the past ten years—will remain as Huntsman. Langton Hall made a beautiful background for the meet of hounds on Thursday, when the Hon. George and Mrs. Spencer refreshed the Field. A strong wind was detrimental to fox-hunting and hats were flying like barrage balloons.



Holloway

A HUNTING ENGAGEMENT

Miss Cecily Borwick and the Hon. Henry Allsopp, Coldstream Guards, a brother of Lord Hindlip, at the recent Pytchley meet at Hazelbeech. Colonel "Peach" Borwick, Miss Borwick's father, is the future joint-Master of the Pytchley

From the Heythrop.

Monday, February 20, at Cross Hands was a very good day. As a result of his fall on the

(Continued on page xviii)

PICTURES FROM VARIOUS HUNTING COUNTRIES



WITH THE COTTESMORE: MR. TOBY MILBANKE, MISS PRISCILLA OTHERGEE, AND MRS. MEREDITH MACKEY



SOME RUFFORD "INFANTRY": LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, LADY DIANA PERCY, MRS. R. THOMPSON, AND LADY PEGGY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK

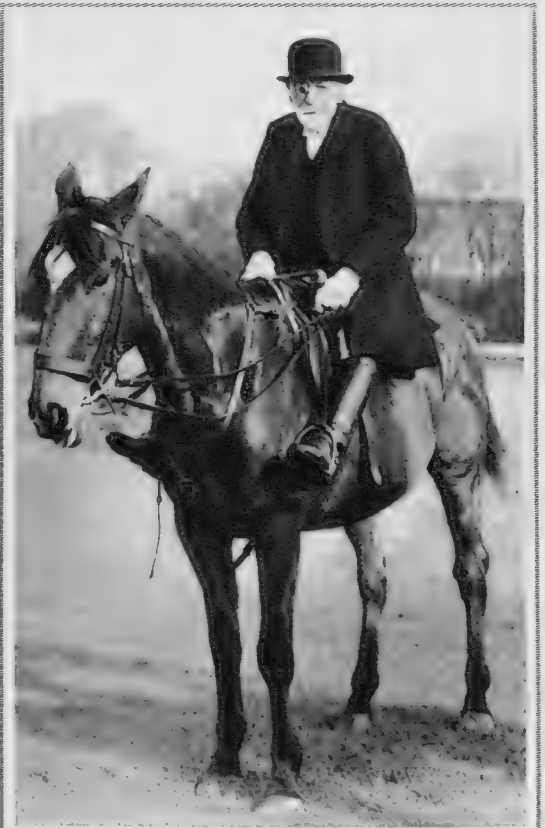
Howard Barrett



GENERAL SIR REGINALD STEPHENS
WITH THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE)



CAPTAIN ST. GEORGE AND
DAUGHTER (BEAUFORT)



ADMIRAL JOHN LOCKE MARX
THE TEDWORTH'S OLDEST MEMBER

W. Dennis Moss

One of the best galloping seasons of recent years may have nearly said its piece, but there is still plenty of kick left in it. All these pictures are more or less recent, and come from all over the place. The Cottesmore one at the top was taken when those hounds met at Stapleford. Mr. Toby Milbanke, who is with two charming units of the "infantry," is in the 10th Hussars (Res.)—incidentally, his father's old regiment. In the Rufford group alongside are the joint-Master's (Lord Titchfield's) two daughters, with their cousin, Lady Diana Percy, and the wife of the other joint-Master (Colonel R. Thompson). They have a great pack in kennel these days, and the Peterboro' judges obviously think so too! General Sir Reginald Stephens was with the Cricklade the day they met at Kempsford Manor, and is a very regular attendant. His regiment was the R.B., and he was Director-General Territorial Army, shortly before he retired. Admiral John Locke Marx is eighty-six, and still carries on with the Tedworth. He entered the Royal Navy in 1865, and retired in 1913, a very fine innings

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Two Sides of the International Problem.

WE all have our own dislike of certain human types. Some hate one kind of person, some another. Maybe we should avoid, if we were wise, all things which we hate, but in the case of human beings, alas, fate has an unhumorous habit of thrusting us, willy-nilly, among people whose language we do not speak, so that we get a jaundice-eyed view of one another, with only a mutual boredom as a kind of cheerless social and domestic compromise. For myself, among other types, I dislike the habitual arguer. The person who knows that he knows the right side of any subject under the sun which interests him, be it politics, religion, duty, patriotism or merely "the Thing." So that, for example, if hopefully you venture to suggest that the political situation looks a little brighter this morning, you are immediately plunged into a heated argument as to why it looks somewhat less ominous, or, as is more usually the case with arguers, does not. I once knew an atheist who never lost the daring novelty of being a disbeliever, and could only witness some lovely religious ceremonial or listen to church music without sneering and seeking an immediate opportunity to inform you, logical step by logical step, exactly why it was all the hokum of a wish-complex. Any pleasantly airy conversation was consequently impossible, because, although in desperation you might even sink so low as to comment on the latest fat stock prices, hoping for peace and safety, if you were not very careful it would at once lead to argumentation concerning how Jonah could not possibly have been swallowed by a whale, and with this historical miracle went down, after a monologue lasting well over an hour, the whole of the Christian assumption. Yes, it was just as tiresome as all that! Bees-in-bonnets are invariably very trying. In fact, the only brighter side of the present international conflict is that at any rate the simply party-politician has found something else to talk about, and, moreover, the seriousness of it does not lend itself to parochial argument: we are all in it, willy-nilly. Those who can only argue, but never discuss, and believe that angry, violent assertion is a deeply interesting form of conversation, are having an arid time of it at the moment, because everybody, being in much the same boat, is agreeing with them! Even so, Munich is a word to be avoided.

That is why I so much enjoyed reading Christopher Hollis's new book, "Foreigners Aren't Knaves" (Longmans; 5s.). It states two sides of the international question, and leaves you to make your own conclusions by picking out the more telling points of each without becoming infuriated by hearing only one. The book is a kind of sequel to the writer's other popular books, "Foreigners Aren't Fools" and "We Aren't So Dumb." It is written in the form of letters interchanged by two friends, each of whom is desperately interested in European politics and each of whom has his own solution of the problem. Moreover, it brings the problem bang up to date, including the very latest in the Spanish situation. Algernon, one of the writers, is a Liberal—a Liberal who, at the moment, has kept the Liberal spirit without being as certain as once he was that undiluted Liberalism will provide a solution of the world's madness. Bobby, the other correspondent, is an out-and-out Christian Socialist. Perhaps, because there is a certain mystic faith behind his international politics, Bobby is the more eloquent and self-convinced (not necessarily convincing). On

the other hand, Algernon's hesitancy of approach to the problem has a certain charm—the charm of a man who proffers suggestions without giving the impression that you, who receive them, will be damned in the long run if you don't agree. Perhaps Algernon hesitates too often. He fails to follow up some of his more telling points, or allow Bobby to get away with some of his assertions which might well have been queried in their flight. As, for example, the astounding assertion that "Man is a creature, created to look beyond this world, and any organisation of society which attempts to turn him from that ultimate vision is attempting to degrade him from his full nature, to stunt him, and the attempt must inevitably end in the overthrow of that organisation. Such will certainly be the end of Nazi-ism, of Communism, and of secularist democracy. *No mortal character can remain uncorrupted by the degradation of not going regularly to church.*" (The italics are mine!)

On the other hand, there is a tremendous lot of truth in Bobby's solution of the problem, if only the pricking thought did not accompany it that one of the difficulties of making it real is the fact that education, science, human nature, and a thousand other dire influences on the majority of human minds too uncultivated to receive them and put them in their proper place in the evolution of true civilisation, will thwart it—like tracing the discovery of gunpowder and then giving children a bomb to play with. But that is the interesting quality of this book. It, metaphorically speaking, rings up the curtain on so many darkened or ignored scenes; and never once is it bigoted or bad-tempered. Indeed, it can discuss such subjects as the Munich Agreement, the League of Nations, the Colonial question, Nazi-ism, Fascism, Communism, European boundaries, likely developments in both the Near and the Far East, as well as the capitalist system of finance, without once bordering on the angry tub-thumping of the idealist and the perverid fanatic.

It is a wise and thoughtful little book, the more convincing because it is invariably so urbane and good-natured—at moments even amusing. There

(Continued on page 426)



Bertram Park

COUNTESS INGEGERD AHLEFELDT

Whose exhibition of paintings of Chelsea Pensioners, under the happy title of "Keepers of the Commonwealth," opened last week at Walker's Galleries. Countess Ingegerd Ahlefeldt, daughter of a former Danish Minister in London, is something of an Anglophile and spends a good part of the year in this country. She has already held several shows over here, always with success



A BISHOP'S CHILDREN'S PARTY

The Bishop of Egypt and the Sudan (the Right Rev. L. H. Gwynne, D.D.) very much at home with young guests at the party he gives annually, at the Clergy House, Khartoum, to children of the British Colony, who rightly look upon it as one of the outstanding events of the year. Dr. Gwynne, Bishop of Khartoum for twelve years before becoming Bishop of Egypt and the Sudan in 1920, is a brother of Mr. H. A. Gwynne, whose editorship of the *Morning Post* was such a brilliant one



STAR SKATER



A GRACEFUL STUDY OF MISS MEGAN TAYLOR IN ACTION ON THE ICE



AN ATTRACTIVE SIDE VIEW OF THE LADY WORLD'S SKATING CHAMPION



Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street
THE ART OF PERFECT BALANCE AS MISS MEGAN TAYLOR EXPRESSES IT

This amazing young person goes from success to success, and it seems doubtful whether there is anything left for her to conquer. She easily retained her title this year as World's Figure Skating Champion at Prague, where Miss Cecilia Colledge was unable, through injury, to compete. Miss Taylor is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Taylor, and has obviously inherited her skill from her father, who was at one time world champion speed skater, and won all honours possible for figure skating. He was also world champion barrow jumper. Mr. Phil Taylor supervises all his daughter's training. Skating is by no means Miss Taylor's only accomplishment. She is a keen aviator, keeps her own racehorse, and is an adept at both swimming and riding, themselves both excellent forms of training for her skating, for which, naturally, she has to keep herself in perfect trim

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

are passages, indeed, which should appear on posters rather than on pages. Such as: "Whatever solution you come to, for Heaven's sake do not let down the Portuguese. There are some people in England who talk of the Portuguese alliance as a kind of absurd joke, to which the English adhere out of an insane good nature. Such talk is from a madhouse. There is but one unvarying law in all European history. It is that the side on which Portugal fights has never lost a war. Hitler, who does not, perhaps, know much history, at any rate knows that much. It was the Portuguese, as much as anyone, who stopped the war last September. The moment that Salazar announced his loyalty to the British alliance Hitler announced his readiness to talk. . . . People talk of Gibraltar and of the guns trained on it. Gibraltar these days is largely a matter of sentiment. It is Lisbon that matters. A fleet can ride at Lisbon, which can command the Straits, the Channel and the Atlantic. If ever by our folly we should drive Portugal out of the alliance, it will be the end of the British Empire and of all Europe. That, among other reasons, was why it was so vital to check the Spanish Frente Popular and their plans for the destruction of Portuguese independence—but that is another story."

There are other passages, too, but this one will suffice to show that the book is no conventional political treatise. Its interest is that it points out good-naturedly the most important side of opposing political ideals and throws light on situations which, in the blinded outlook of potential enemy facing potential enemy, the ordinary man-in-the-street misses altogether or ignores.

Thoughts from "Foreigners Aren't Knaves."

"People tend to become more reasonable the more reasonably they are treated."

"The one thing that makes war inevitable is the despair, in which men come to say that it is inevitable."

"The one thing that we do know about war is that it does not end war."

"It is only a sentimentalist who would make a major war. The intelligent brute sees that it is not worth the candle."

"That selfish people should become unselfish would be admirable, but it is the sad truth that most of the real trouble in the world is caused, not by the selfish, but by the unselfish fanatics, who derive from their very unselfishness the strength which is our menace."

Mass Observation of Britain.

As I was reading that curious, but at the same time wickedly interesting little book, "Britain, by Mass Observation" (Penguin Books; 6d.), arranged and written by Charles Madge and Tom Harrison, I was reminded of an incident during the crisis of last September. I was in a shop waiting for a pair of spectacles which had been repaired. As I was waiting, the only assistant in the shop was a peroxide-blonde young woman, who, when I entered, was busily telephoning someone who, by listening to her side of the conversation, I took to be her boy friend. They were discussing an appointment, and I

presumed the young man suggested that, in the event of war being declared that evening, the hostilities might rather cramp their night out at the local Palais de Danse. Said the young woman, laughing: "War? What if there is? Let 'em get on with it, I sez!"

For this little book is a series of personal encounters with ordinary everyday workmen and women in the streets and in suburbia, and the opinions taken from them regarding the September crisis when war looked so imminent: again, war in general and European politics in particular. Accompanying these observations are criticisms supplied by the arrangers and writers of the book. The result is certainly illuminating, even disturbing, but not, on the whole, unexpected. And if you don't object to a wry side in your laughter, it is very entertaining as well. For the fact revealed is that the average working man and suburban-dweller take no real interest in politics at all. Until they are themselves affected their attitude is that of the blonde assistant: "Let 'em get on with it, I sez!" Or, when they have ideas and opinions beyond the daily round, then—and the knowledge is uncomfortable—they simply echo their daily newspaper. And during the crisis, as the book quotes, some unholy tosh was written at length in the popular Press.

But the book is not entirely devoted to politics under mass-observation. There is "dirty-style" wrestling, as viewed by a wrestler, a promoter, and an enthusiastic fan. Another part is devoted to the popular and eventual cult of the Lambeth Walk among its devotees, and yet another is devoted to a worker's day and what he thinks about it (if anything), or what he sees beyond it (if anything further). And lastly, a discussion regarding the basic virtue (if any) in British society, and how science can be brought in to develop democracy as a living ideal. The book is only the small size of the ordinary Penguin volume, but it is more unusual and thought-provoking and mentally entertaining than many a larger and more seriously-written tome concerning the science of ourselves—ultimately the most important research of all.

Drama of Imprisonment.

Mr. Patrick White's novel, "Happy Valley" (Harrap; 8s. 6d.), is the story of a group of men and women caught in the relentless meshes of a hard, uncongenial life, and their mostly vain efforts to escape its ever-deepening boredom. The title is ironical. In the midst of the Valley is a small Australian country town. In the winter the snow hides its hideousness without beautifying it; in the summer the heat parches everything—both man and beast. The inhabitants of this township are invariably wretched, discontented, maddened by repressions, longing only to find some means of spiritual escape. The story is the tale of their mostly vain efforts to cheat reality of its relentless boredom. Some try to do it through drink; others by adultery; others by running away; one by murder. A depressing story, you suggest. Well, it is. Nevertheless, it has power and certain definitely moving qualities. It is rich in human value and poor in entertainment, but if you desire in a novel something more than a pastime occupation, it is worth reading.



Tunbridge

MISS ELIZABETH MCCLURE

The daughter of the famous K.C., Mr. G. B. McClure, who is Senior Crown Counsel at the Old Bailey. Miss McClure is one of this season's débutantes, but her mother is not giving a ball for her but several dinner-dances, the first of which is fixed for March 24 at the Berkeley. Miss McClure is one of the débutantes who sells at the Thrift Shop in Elizabeth Street, run entirely in the aid of charity

HERE ARE SOME OF

THE LUCKY ONES



NASSAU AGAIN: MRS. CHARLES DENISON
AND MR. VYVYAN DRURY HOLD CONVERSE



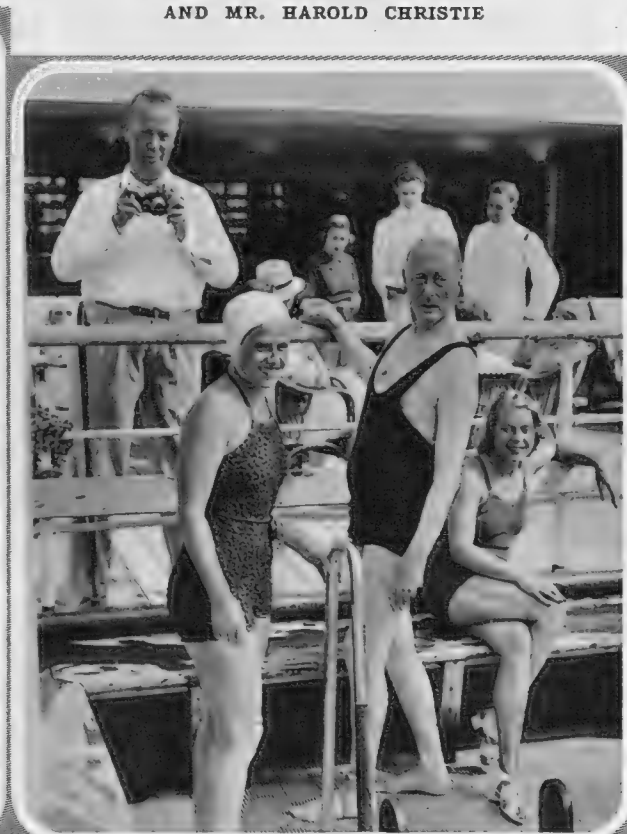
MRS. ESKDALE FISHBURN
AND MR. HAROLD CHRISTIE



MR. AND MRS. KNOWLTON L. AMES WITH
PET MONKEY ON THE NASSAU BEACH



DOROTHY WARD BUYING
FLOWERS AT FUNCHAL



BRIEF RELAXATION: SIR ELLIS HUME-WILLIAMS, K.C.,
AND S.S. "STRATHMORE" BATHING BELLES



HONEYMOONERS AT MIAMI: THE
HON. LANGTON AND MRS. ILIFFE

English stay-at-homes may well envy these lucky people, out in the midday sun overseas. Further news comes from Nassau, where Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton L. Ames, of Chicago, are in residence most winters; this time they brought a very intelligent Simian friend, Dopey by name. The former Miss "Bunting" Stephenson and Mr. Harold Christie, a great Nassau pioneer and character, were also photographed on this lovely seashore. The camera then called in at the Emerald Beach Club, where Mrs. Charles Denison and Mr. Vyvyan Drury were having an earnest conversation. Mrs. Denison and her husband, Commander Denison, more or less divide their time between Bembridge and the Bahamas. Miss Dorothy Ward, fresh—or more likely tired—from scoring yet another triumph as Pantomime Principal Boy, this time in *Mother Goose* at Birmingham, has been visiting Madeira and revelling in its winter flower show. Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, Recorder of Norwich, did his sun-seeking while on a West Indian cruise, during which he frequently patronised the swimming-bath. Newspaper-owner Lord Iliffe's son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe (she was Miss Renée Merandon du Plessis), are having a round-the-world honeymoon, Miami being one of their ports of call aboard the "North Star"



THE FINCHLEY GOLF CLUB EIGHTH ANNUAL DINNER—BY "MEL"

Above, the result of the most diligent artist's attendance at this cheery foregathering which was held recently at the Dorchester, when the chair was taken by the President, Mr. G. V. Carter, whose brother, Mr. Stanley Carter, is the present captain. There were about 230 people there, members and guests, and after the feast the prizes were distributed by the lady captain. After that the evening was given over to dancing. The key to the names is like this: (left to right) Victor Cottrell (captain of the lawn tennis), R. G. Pickle (ex-captain), R. H. Hallett (Secretary), Stanley H. Carter (captain), G. V. "Digger" Carter (President), Charles Brand (Chairman, House Committee), Dr. Grimson, and Keith Dalby, the professional

THE past Presidents of the English Golf Union have nominated Mr. Stanley Bright to be the next President, in succession to Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.P.—and what a splendid choice!

Mr. Bright is a partner, with his brother, in one of Nottingham's oldest firms of solicitors and is Under-Sheriff of Nottingham. He has been a member of the E.G.U. Committee since the formation of the Union, and I think I am right in recollecting that he has also been honorary secretary of the Notts Golf Club at Hollinwell since the club was founded. He was shot in the hand and badly wounded in the war, before which he used to play to scratch: he still plays to something in the neighbourhood of four. Mr. Bright is a genial soul, as well as a much-respected citizen, and will prove, if I may say so, an unqualified success in his new office.

He will serve, presumably, for one year. I wish that the Union—and this applies to all similar bodies—would elect their President for two years instead of one. In so many cases a man may be familiar enough with the general workings of the Union, but it is only at the end of a year or so that he gets thoroughly into the hang of the special functions required of a President, by which time he is due to retire. More than one ex-President has told me how much more valuable he thinks his work might have been if he had automatically been permitted to carry on for a further year.

I was interested in the comments of a couple of columnists last Sunday—Messrs. Lucas and Woodroffe. The former suggests, in the *Sunday Express*, that the Royal and Ancient may actually take action against one or two of the more flagrantly bogus amateurs by refusing their entries for the championship. He may be right, but I doubt it. I hope he is not, for it would seem to me unfair, even disliking these fellows' methods as I do, to make a sudden example of one or two of them after remaining blind to the dirty work that everyone knows has been going on for years. Give them a severe and pointed warning, and then, if they offend again

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

(and if you can prove it, which is always difficult), warn them off the heath. I should like to wait, too, until it is seen how the New Deal agreed upon by the manufacturers works out in practice. If they have reached

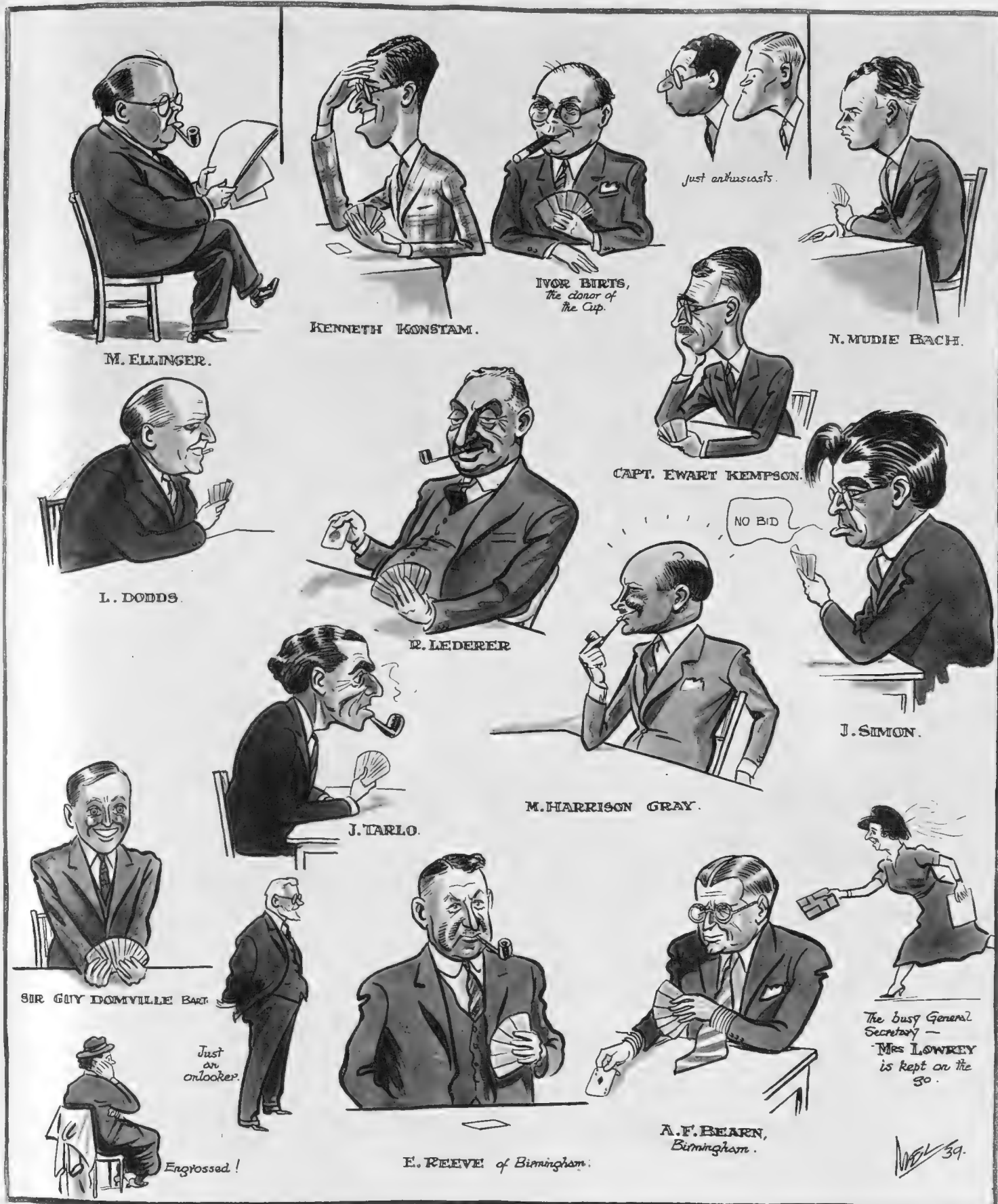
agreement to cut out the distribution of free golf balls, and if they abide by this agreement, it would be an unfortunate moment for St. Andrews to create a first-class "incident" by banning a couple of the worst offenders. Whether the direct cash subsidies to amateurs (or ostensibly to their fathers) will cease remains to be seen. I even dare to hope that it will, though I was laughed to scorn by a hardened sporting journalist to whom I expressed this pious view yesterday.

By the way, have you heard the latest "shamateur" story? It appears that a "dozen-a-month" amateur who had had his allowance stopped under the New Deal entered the professional's shop at his home club. "How much are So-and-So's?" he asked, naming a well-known brand of ball. "Two shillings, sir," replied the professional. "Good heavens!" said the amateur. "That's lucky. They were three shillings when I last bought one."

Tommy Woodroffe, in the *Sunday Dispatch*, suggests that Irish golfers consider themselves badly treated because the Open Championship is never held in their country. He quotes Paddy Mahon, who is Irish professional champion, as agreeing that neither Portrush nor Newcastle has a satisfactory adjacent course on which to hold the qualifying rounds, but claiming that Portmarnock would be ideal for the Open with the qualifying rounds at Dollymount (Royal Dublin). Here are two fine courses, to be sure, well worthy of any championship in the world. Furthermore, since golfers have taken no part in the disputes between the two countries and the "Golf Union of Ireland" makes no division between North and South, it would be a nice gesture to take the championship to Ireland. But surely they have all overlooked one point? *I'll be damned if I will go through the Customs before I can land and play in my own Open Championship!*

(Continued on page 460)

THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE SELECTION TRIALS



A PORTRAIT GALLERY—BY "MEL"

The British Bridge League recently organised an International Bridge Selection Trial at the Mostyn Hotel in London, in which eight teams, with a maximum of six players each, competed. Amongst the celebrities who took part are those to be found in the above cartoon by "Mel." "Noel Mobbs" is the motto of the British Bridge League. The following are the names of those who reached the semi-finals: Mr. Bach (Captain), Mr. L. W. Dodds, Mr. E. P. C. Cotter, Mr. E. L. Tottenham, Mr. Harrison Gray (Captain), Mr. S. J. Simon, Mr. J. C. H. Marx, Mr. Iain Macleod

'CHASING AT ITS BEST — THE SOLDIERS ON SALISBURY PLAIN



WATCHING THE INTREPID: LADY VICTORIA WELD-FORESTER, ^{Swade}HER DAUGHTER, MISS MARY WELD-FORESTER, MAJOR THE HON. EDRIC WELD-FORESTER, AND MR. N. H. VILLIERS



MAJOR SIR HENRY AND LADY CROFTON AND THEIR DAUGHTER, KATHARINE



THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET AND LADY SUSAN SEYMOUR



MRS. J. V. D. RADFORD AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. GEOFFREY HUNT



MISS MARY ELLISON AND CAPTAIN E. COLVILLE ^{Truman Howell}

Jump-racing at its cheapest and pretty nearly at its best is what you get if you go to the Military meetings at Windmill Hill, Tidworth, and even though all the Cavalry are now on wheels it is possible to find a good many horse-soldiers who are still familiar with equitation! "Spanner's Horse" may not last for ever, though it is having a great vogue at the moment. The days these pictures were taken the 10th R.H. had a great time. Major Mark Roddick, former owner of Kilstar, now pretty near favourite for the National, won the Bulford Open Cup on his own horse, Phillip, Captain A. D. R. Wingfield, also 10th, being on the runner-up, Lady Pamela, and Mr. "Kim" Muir, also 10th, got a right and left, the Windmill Hill Cup and the 2nd Cavalry Brigade Subalterns' Race, both on his own horses. These pictures are not exclusively devoted to the arm which used to prevent war from developing into a vulgar brawl, for the Hon. Edric Weld-Forester is R.B.; so is Captain Geoffrey Hunt, seen with wife, talking to Mrs. Radford, wife of Major Radford, R.H.A. (mechanised!). Lady Victoria Weld-Forester is a daughter of the first Marquess of Lincolnshire, whose peerage is now extinct. Sir Henry Crofton is an ex-Gunner, and Captain Colville is a present one, and Master of the Woolwich Drag. Miss Ellison is also R.A., so to speak, as her brother has taken over the Mastership of the Bordon Drag. It was a real bad day for rain, and the Duchess of Somerset and daughter look as if they had had all they wanted of it



Ursula Powys-Lybbe, A.R.P.S

SIDELIGHTS ON PERSONALITY: MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY

Character can be read from belongings, they say; if so, the very delightful personality of Mr. Charles Sweeney's wife should be an open book to students of this page. First in pictorial importance, of course, comes Miss Frances Sweeney, born in 1937, and obviously a very satisfactory daughter to own. Michael the Alsatian and Gaby the Poodle are other indulged members of a happy family circle living at 6, Sussex Place, Regent's Park. Outside this extremely hospitable house the Packard is often to be found, for to-and-fro-ing is constant, one frequent port of call being the School for the Blind at Swiss Cottage, a particularly pet good cause. The bathing-suit gives the clue to a favourite keep-fit activity. Mrs. Charles Sweeney—as lovely now as when she was Miss Margaret Whigham—also believes in plenty of brain exercise, and her choice of books is a discriminating one

LONDON'S NEWEST NITERIE— "THE MIDNIGHT ROOM"



LORD FORBES, MISS PRIMULA ROLLO, MISS CYNTHIA MONTEITH
AND MR. TERRY WELDON



ALSO SMILING: H.S.H. FÜRST FRANZ VON WEIKERSHEIM,
LADY MILTON AND THE HON. DAVID LLOYD



ENGAGED: PRINCE VSEVOLODE OF
RUSSIA AND LADY MARY LYGON



ALSO ENGAGED: MR. TEDDY WAGG
AND MRS. ALICE HENDERSON



LORD AND LADY HOLLENDEN



MISS IRENE MANN-THOMSON
AND MR. KENNETH HOMAN

London's latest bottle-party rallying-spot, "The Midnight Room," in Albemarle Street—No. 13!—has obviously had a quick win judging by the evidence here supplied. This present occasion seemed to have attracted a good few of the about-to-be-wed. Outstanding amongst them were Prince Vsevolode of Russia and Lady Mary Lygon, sister of Lady Sibell Rowley. As the Prince is third in title to the throne of the Romanoffs, his betrothal to a lady not of royal blood has caused a bit of a flutter in the ranks of the Legitimist supporters of the Russian monarchy. Mr. Teddy Wagg, another prospective bridegroom, is, like his brother Kenneth of racquets fame, a most popular unit in society. Mrs. Henderson is a daughter of Mrs. Nugent Head. The wedding is to be soon, according to report. Prince Franz Von Weikersheim lives in London, and is a well-known member of the Bath Club. His family is a cadet branch of the Hohenlohe one. Mr. David Lloyd, who is also with Lady Milton, is Lord Lloyd's only son and is in the Warwickshire Yeomanry, as his father was before him. Mr. Terry Weldon, Sir Anthony Weldon's youngest brother, is reported to be writing a play at the moment



LADY GLORIA FISHER AND
MR. MARSHAL HESELTINE

REGIMENTAL POINT-TO-POINTERS: THE 4th/7th R.D.G.s



THE C.O. WEIGHS OUT: LIEUT.-COL. J. A. AIZLEWOOD AND (BEHIND) CAPTAIN BIRD



MR. T. M. BELL SHOWS HOW NOT TO DO IT



MR. S. R. M. JENKINS AND MR. G. A. CUNARD (ON THE SCALES)



MAJOR H. R. C. FRINK WITH HIS COLONEL'S LADY, MRS. AIZLEWOOD



MR. J. A. D'AVIGDOR-GOLDSMID UNDERSTUDIES THE RÔLE OF A RACING TIPSTER FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. FRINK AND MISS BARKER

This year the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards held their regimental race, for light- and heavy-weight challenge cups, in Old Berks country. The course was no roundabout business, but from Denchworth to Baulking Hill—3½ miles by crow calculations. The C.O., Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Aizlewood, riding Big Ben IV. and carrying top weight of 14 st. 10 lb., achieved the fine feat of being first home of the heavies. Mr. P. G. Verdin, whose home country is Cheshire, won the light-weight cup on Sham Battle, but escaped the camera; second to him was Mr. G. A. Cunard on Media Luz, and third, Mr. J. A. D'Avigdor-Goldsmid, via the aptly-named R.D.G. Mr. D'Avigdor-Goldsmid's racing tipster effort (lounge suit over hunting clothes) went well with Miss Barker and Mrs. Frink, whose husband, seen with Mrs. Aizlewood, got his majority last year. Captain and Quartermaster T. Bird was Clerk of the Scales. Mr. S. R. M. Jenkins, like the C.O. and Mr. Cunard, is in the 4th/7th polo team

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



EXIT HUSBAND, FUMING: JOHN TURNBULL, LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

TONY DRAWS A HORSE is yet another comedy of odd happenings in a moderately odd family. As such it depends more on the dialogue than the doings, and still more on the nature of the fairly queer cattle in the household pen. I wish that Miss Lesley Storm, who wrote it, had not seen fit to keep her Tony as insistently off-stage as were the George and Margaret of *George and Margaret*, which set the pre-crisis fashion for comedies of odd households. Apart from the artistic urge that made Tony draw a horse on the wall outside his father's consulting-room, we learn of him that his mother took him for prenatal rides on French scenic railways; that he is a Real Boy who makes catapults out of daddy's stethoscopes; that he got three on the posterior for caricaturing his schoolmaster; that he has a startling vocabulary; and that a drawing of his called "Breakfast at Granny's" won a newspaper competition for child-artists, made the neighbours laugh heartily and was praised for its shrewd comment on adult life. It is evident that he would have stood out clearly among his rather indefinite elders.

Failing the boy, I should have liked to see the horse he drew. It was a complete horse; so well-developed a horse that Tony's father considered it to be an appalling horse, a horse-such as no child with a decent mind ought to have observed in its entirety. It was so virile a horse that the half-wit maid (who had just replaced an efficient one recently sacked by Tony's father for having given bed and breakfast to a lance-corporal) gave notice as soon as she noticed it. All of which plants Tony's father in the audience's mind as a conventional fellow who is destined



NIGEL PATRICK, JANET JOHNSON

to be the victim of eccentric circumstance. Tony's mother, on the other hand, considers the horse to be clever and funny and natural; and the horse it is that starts the row whereby Clare goes home to mother, after years of happy, if argumentative, marriage. Which plants Clare as a pleasant, broad-minded and spirited young matron, and brings us among the fairly queer cattle in the household pen of the moderately odd Parsonses.

Exhibit A is Clare's mother, a Mrs. Parsons who hopes to be Lady Parsons, and is one of those sweet, manipulating personages with the kind of kinks that Miss Lilian Braithwaite wears so well. If all the kinky mothers, aunts and grannies whom Miss Braithwaite has acted were gathered together, they would constitute an excellent *raison d'être* for a Society for the prevention of cruelty to complexes. This one, who dislikes physical frankness almost as much as she dislikes scandal, was embarrassed by a visit to the Louvre, and considers the duckbill platypus disgusting because it presumes to be a mammal. She is therefore against Tony's horse and inclined to be against any art outside the painting of flowers and dead fish. She is at her best and deplorably brightest in the ritual of family breakfast; and indeed, she is a funny but hardly original exhibit. Two of the others are less familiar inhabitants of family comedy: the ancient reprobate who is Tony's great-grandfather; and Alfred, father to Clare, a Lord Mayor designate who doesn't want the honour even for the sake of his insistently sweet wife. Add Grace, a younger daughter whose trousseau is being managed by the mother; Tim, a fiancé who shies at being managed

Breakfast at Granny's

with the trousseau; and a particularly bright breakfast that provokes most of the family to rebellion. And the stage is set for anything and everything that will keep the ball rolling as merrily as author and producer know how.

It rolls merrily enough when neither Alfred, who after breakfast went to the City in a huff, nor Clare, who went driving with her sister's young man, has returned at midnight. It rolls especially well when Miss Braithwaite has opportunity for her martyr-act: Alfred has sent word that he is arrested for a disturbance of the peace, and please will she send him a new pair of trousers; and Clare and Tim have telephoned from Dieppe, where revolver-shots interrupted the conversation. It ought to roll fast and frantically when they switch us to the café in Dieppe where Clare and Tim, having missed the return boat on a day excursion, are swilling champagne and talking woozily. Only somehow it doesn't, except for the delicious episode of the revolver-shots: they were casually fired into a maritime poster by a stray drinker whose wife had run off with a sailor. For the rest, English crazy-comedy seldom goes well outside England; and this scene on a French background is not one of the exceptions. The playlet clicks back to mildly hilarious normal with the truants' return for general reconciliation and another Breakfast at Granny's, presided over by Lillian Braithwaite in the Pink.

Well, Miss Braithwaite is entertaining enough in her quest after happiness and decorum in all things; though this is by no means the best of her peculiar mothers, aunts and grannies. Mr. Cyril Raymond gives a firm and admirable rendering of the doctor-father who objects to his son's knowledge of animal anatomy. Mr. James Harcourt is a minor joy as the racy great-grandad. Mr. John Turnbull is altogether excellent as the patient ox who suddenly kicks over the domestic traces. Miss Diana Churchill and Mr. Nigel Patrick act pleasantly and time their stuff perfectly, perhaps a bit too perfectly: in their scenes together the clacking of bright talk often seems like that of billiard balls—exact, precise, without consciousness of animate meaning. Miss Janet Johnson is charming, and has no chance to be more. Mr. Anthony Holles, Miss Kay Astor and Mr. Ben Wright put flavour into their slices of character. I still think that absent Tony might have added a lot to the general relish, especially if he had brought down the last Curtain by giving the autocrat at the breakfast table the raspberry. The producer is Mr. Richard Bird, the theatre the Criterion.



(ON RIGHT) DRAMATIS
PERSONÆ, VERY QUAIN:
ANTHONY HOLLES, MAR-
GARET EMDEN, JAMES
HARCOURT, KAY ASTOR.
(BELOW) GOING HOME
TO MOTHER: DIANA
CHURCHILL, CYRIL
RAYMOND



A DAZZLING NORTHERN LIGHT :
VERA ZORINA

A lovely from Norway, who made such an impression on the powers that be in Hollywood with her first talking film, *The Goldwyn Follies*, that they have now given her a ten-year contract. Vera Zorina is at the same time internationally famed as a *ballerina du premier ordre*.

TRÈS CHER,—In the Rue Véron, one of the narrowest streets on the slopes of Montmartre, between the Metro stations of Abbesses and Place Blanche, there is a certain "gym" where many famous acrobats and dancers have made their first stumbling efforts, and where, having reached stardom, they return again and again to learn new steps and add fresh acrobatic gags to their repertory. I had often heard of the place, but it was only yesterday, having written a dance scena for two young friends of mine, that I went there to attend a rehearsal. Two people cannot walk abreast along the passage that leads from the street to the damp and grimy courtyard where one is faced by the choice of several doors. Unerringly I chose the wrong one, turned a handle, and backed out again so hurriedly that, slipping on the greasy cobble-stones, I fetched up with a bump against another door, that yielded and allowed me to make a sensational, if undignified, entrance into premises that, at first glance, partook of garage, torture-chamber, execution-shed, and the more primitive kind of bath-house.

A grey light filtered through the dingy panes of a vast skylight, ropes dangled everywhere, broad leather belts attached to pulleys were eloquent of the circus-ring activities of prentice acrobats. A weighty sandbag, battered by the fists of a hefty negro, shuddered and swayed from a beam. The hiss of water and a cloud of steam were audible and visible through the half-open door that imperfectly hid a naked body under a shower. Rickety wooden stairs climbed to a gallery where my friends were standing round an iron stove, of which the leaky chimney vanished into outer regions through a hole in the wall. I was greeted by a lovely white-and-golden girl, slim and long-muscled in her practice shorts and *brassière*, whose partner, an olive-hued statue with the small head of a Greek

Priscilla in Paris

god, had the muscular shoulders of a *porteur*—nothing to do with the railway, *Très Cher*—and the narrow hips, encased in a black slip, of the classic dancer. I had expected to meet yet another "hooper," but the third person singular to whom they introduced me was a gnarled, muscle-bound little man dressed in more than disreputable slacks, jersey and sneakers, a *béret* that was worn as a tonsure, and whose cigarette limply smouldered from the corner of his mouth. This proved to be Professor Saulnier himself, ex-dancer, ex-boxer, ex-wrestler, and ex-acrobat, who is capable of making an instant come-back in any of these branches of physical activity whenever necessary.

The policy of the Saulnier "gym" can be expressed in three words: "Amateurs keep out"; and I soon discovered that an amateur is not only a poor dancer, but also a dancer who is late at rehearsal. The missing partner arrived five minutes after the hour appointed, and departed hurriedly almost immediately. He may have wondered what it was all about, although Saulnier, in my opinion, had made it painfully clear. However, when the door banged behind the luckless individual, the sultry atmosphere was cleared by a mighty burst

of laughter and it was explained to me that any excuse was better than hurting the poor amachoor's feelings by telling him frankly that his dancing was spineless, knock-kneed, and altogether *sans viscera*, to which defects might be added the crowning fault of being half an inch too short. It seems that in acrobatic dancing one can remedy every kind of shortcoming except that of having the two male "carriers" of a different height. This meant that there was no real rehearsal that afternoon, and I was able, therefore, to wander round on a tour of discovery, while Y and Z—I'll let you know their real names when they are next at the Café de Paris—practised *à deux* and did incredible things with their supple limbs, under Saulnier's watchful eye.

The rooms in the gallery were more luxurious than the bleak "gym" below. The thick mat that covered the floor at one end must have served to break many a tumble, and on the deep divan many weary dancers must have rested. There were photographs everywhere, of course, many of which have appeared on this page. Amongst them you would have recognised such old friends as Jane Marnac—who is now Mrs. Keith Trevor—Josselyn Gael, Rose-ray and Cappella, the most perfect couple of acrobatic dancers the variety stage has ever known; the negro Feral Benga, Mona Goya and Alice Field, both stars of the stage and screen; the athlete Rigoulot, and that lovely creature Endja Mogoul, who died so tragically in a stupid motor accident a few seasons ago . . . but would you have known the slim girl in the dark jersey bathing-suit, whose heels were touching the crown of her head as Saulnier held her, wrapped round his waist, to be Mistinguett? "Mis" without her frills and feathers, her famous smile an anguished grin, and her still more famous legs strained to their utmost to touch her tousled, golden topknot! A photograph that must be seen to be believed, and I saw it!

PRISCILLA.



DARJA COLLIN, A CLEVER DANCER
FROM THE NETHERLANDS

Hailing from the land of canals and dykes, this attractive young lady recently gave a successful recital at the Mecca of all good artists, the Salle Pleyel in Paris. Having got so far up the ladder of fame, she only has a few more rungs to compete with before arriving at the top

RIVIERA HAPPENINGS



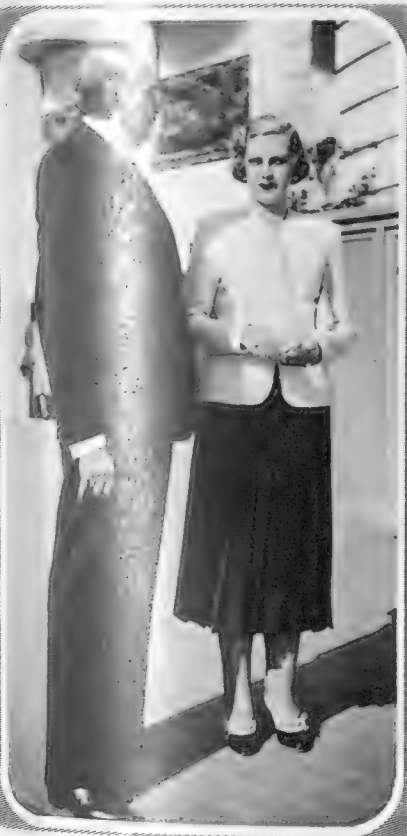
MR. AND MRS. L. F. LEZARD ON
THE TERRACE AT MONTE CARLO



AT THE GALLIA CLUB: (L. TO R.) PRINCE WILLIAM OF
SWEDEN, H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN, MRS. DENNIS
LARKING, COL. ST. JOHN KILLERY AND CAPT. LARKING



H.R.H. PRINCESS MILITZA OF
MONTENEGRO AT HER VILLA



ALSO AT MONTE CARLO:
DR. AND MME. SERGE VORONOFF



TAKING THEIR MORNING APÉRITIF AT THE
CARLTON AT CANNES: SIR HESKETH BELL
AND MRS. CUNLIFFE-OWEN



MISS NIKEL AND GRAF "LUDI" VON
SALM-HOOGSTRATEN AT BEAULIEU

The French Riviera winter season is just now at about its height, and returning travellers report weather unbelievably perfect, with skies and sea bluer than ever. The Blue Train goes down daily, packed with those lucky people who can spare the time to leave these rather dismal and fatuous, law-cluttered-up shores of ours. Anyhow, to "return to our muttens," which means that among the people who are seen above are included Mr. and Mrs. Lezard, of Kimberley, sunning themselves on the terrace at Monte Carlo. He is one of South Africa's leading barristers and a good tennis player. They are the parents of Mr. "Lizzie" Lezard, the Leicestershire point-to-point rider. The King of Sweden, once again at Cannes, was at the Gallia Club watching tennis. His Majesty is in splendid form this year and has been playing daily. On his right is his youngest son, Prince William. Captain Dennis Larking, who is in the same group, used to be Naval Attaché in Rome from 1915-1919. Princess Militza of Montenegro is a sister-in-law of H.M. the Queen of Italy. World-famous Dr. Voronoff and his wife, who is Rumanian-born, are at Monte. Sir Hesketh Bell, who is at Cannes, was Governor of Mauritius from 1915-1924; with him is Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen, whose husband, Colonel Cunliffe-Owen, used to be Military Attaché in Constantinople and Athens. Count Salm was a great tennis player in his time, and before the war played for Austro-Hungary in Davis Cup contests

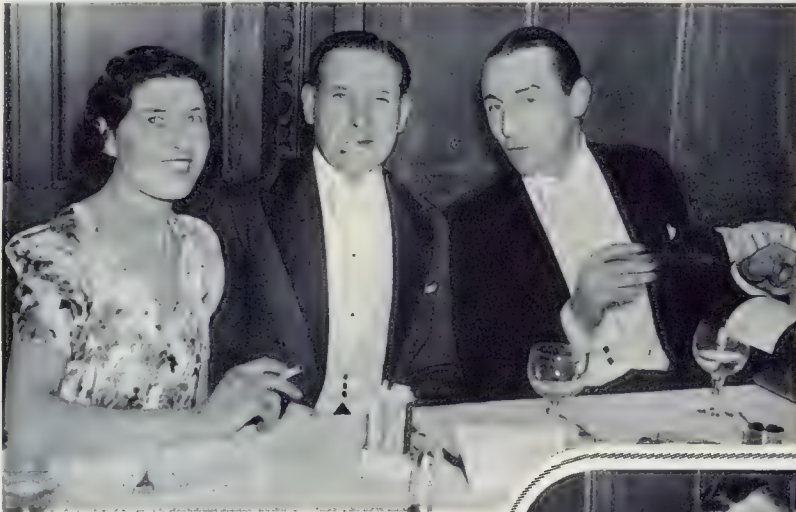
THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE HARRIERS' HUNT BALL HELD AT CAMBRIDGE



MUSIC HATH CHARMS—PERHAPS: A SAXOPHONIST, MR. JOHN CRAIK WHITE (1st WHIP), MISS MONCKTON AND MR. A. CRAIG-HARVEY



SUPPING TOGETHER: DR. AND MRS. RIDDELL DR. RIDDIOUGH, AND MRS. PAGET WILKES



CELEBRITIES: MISS E. LOW, HARVEY LEADER (FAMOUS TRAINER) AND W. EVERETT (DITTO JOCKEY)



GETTING TOGETHER: MR. A. N. BOCK AND MR. AND MRS. T. E. LEADER



MR. PETER SPENS (MASTER, TRINITY BEAGLES) AND MISS E. SKEY



MR. D. L. BENNETT (THE MASTER), MISS MARGARET DIXON, AND (BEHIND) THE REV. SQN.-LDR. PAGET WILKES



MR. H. A. NUTTING AND MISS PATRICIA BOWMAN

The Cambridgeshire Harriers, which from 1891 onwards have been hunted by members of the University, held their annual and always very cheery revel at the University Arms. There was a thoroughly good and representative muster, not only of the "owners" but of many others, including, as may be noticed, some high-lights of the turf. The principal figure, the Master, is in the centre bottom picture. Mr. D. L. Bennett recently won the Cottenham Challenge Cup on his own horse, Catch of the Season. He is to be succeeded in the Mastership next season by Mr. H. A. Nutting (*vide* another picture), youngest son of the Master of the Quorn. The Rev. Squadron-Leader Paget Wilkes is Chaplain of Cardigan Aerodrome, and his wife is in one of the pictures which adorn the top of this page. One of the amateur whips is also above, giving the saxophonist a bit of aid. Mr. Craig-Harvey, in the same group, takes on a whip's job next season. Mr. Peter Spens is the Master of the Trinity Foot Beagles, and has been Master and huntsman since 1937, when he succeeded Mr. J. J. Mann, of the famous Eton cricketing family

THE TYRE OF THE CENTURY

G100

ALL WEATHER



33% MORE MILEAGE

The new G-100 is named in honour of the 100th Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's discovery of vulcanization. But it merits its title—"The Tyre of the Century" by its amazing performance: 33% longer wear, increased stability, greater riding comfort and non-skid

safety. A revolutionary new principle of construction — the "Compression Built" Tread, is responsible for this new standard of tyre performance at no extra cost. Ask your dealer to show you G-100 — the tyre of the Century.

GOOD YEAR

FACTORY AT WOLVERHAMPTON

**NEW
COMPRESSION BUILT
TREAD**

Conventional Tyre

When inflated all portions expand — tread contracts — which makes it easy to cut or bruise



G-100 Uninflated

Note that the new G-100, when uninflated, is flat-sided, higher than it is wide — a new construction principle.

G-100 Inflated

Sidewalls expand — tread contracts. Compressed rubber wears longer, resists cuts — result 33% longer life.







ILETTE
NICOLL, R.I.

IN FIJI ONE DRINKS KAVA...★



... WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppees

★ A Fijian friend tells us that Kava is distilled from the rather stringy leaves and tough roots of the Pepper Plant; and the flavour is raw and a bit chancy. No wonder the local war dance gets distinctly ragged when Schweppees is not forthcoming.

WHEREVER YOU ARE... THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppees

THE FILMS' SWEETEST SINGER IN HER LATEST PICTURE



GRACE MOORE IN SCENES FROM HER NEW FILM, "LOUISE." ON THE RIGHT, GEORGES THILL COMES INTO THE PICTURE.



Whether one is a film fan or not, everyone will always turn out for a new Grace Moore occasion, and this occasion happens to be—or, rather, will be—her latest picture, *Louise*, by Abel Gance after the famous opera by Gustave Charpentier, so apart from the actual story there will be the joy of listening to that lovely voice. Also acting with her is Georges Thill, of the Paris Opera House. There is no actual date fixed for the London première, but the news is that it will be seen shortly. Quite recently Grace Moore has had the great distinction of being made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, an award well deserved, as everybody will doubtless agree. When films and concert halls are not claiming her time, Mrs. Parera, as she is in private life, and her husband spend most of their time at their lovely villa, Casa Laurretta, near Cannes



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER XV.

Although they make them work like bees during the two years they are in residence at Cirencester, they also let them have a bit of time for play. Above, evidence of the fact, a recent group of the Rugby side

The names (l. to r., standing): A. D. B. Bulmer, B. A. Shepherd, J. O. Gaze, D. C. Marsh, B. H. Tweedale, R. H. Willstrop, D. W. Jones, and R. N. Cardwell; (sitting) A. G. Shewell, R. Holliday (Hon. Sec.), R. W. Pickford, S. G. H. Fawkes (captain), D. J. Brook, C. A. Crawshaw, and R. M. Oliver

QUITE apart from aught else that may appear in Lord Midleton's "Records and Reactions," now appearing in our respected contemporary, *The Times*, and later to arrive in book form, a good many of those with long enough memories are looking forward to the period when the distinguished author will deal with what happened when an eminent literary stylist's favourite pastime was what he called "ragging Brodder." Mr. Winston Churchill never seemed to get tired of it. This period, if dealt with quite candidly, will be even more amusing than the Georgian *v.* Martian war in Simla, the more intimate details, or low-down, upon which we have had. Reference is made, of course, to the great Curzon *v.* Kitchener duel. Hastings *v.* "Junius" was not much more acute.

If it is permissible to arrive at any decision upon what is published in the more erudite section of our Press, we are upon the threshold of the adoption of more direct methods



WHEN THE LOUTH MET AT BEAULIEU

The host of the occasion was Mr. Richard Montgomery, who, incidentally, is a descendant of Collingwood of Trafalgar. In the picture are Miss Jocelyn Montgomery, Colonel T. A. E. Cairnes, Miss Sidney Montgomery, whose engagement to Mr. Nesbit Waddington has just been announced; and Captain R. A. B. Filgate, Master and huntsman since 1916

Poole, Dublin

Pictures in the Fire

in our manner of Parliamentary speech. There is a somewhat widely expressed regret that the art of invective has been lost. They blame Lord Baldwin, who has been accused of having been far too fond of Parliamentary language, and, so far as one may judge, they say that his politeness has infected the whole Lower House—and presumably also the Lords.

Some of us may not have noticed this fact and may still believe that Parliament can still beat Billingsgate when it tries.

If, however, it is true that cursory remarks are not what they were in the good old days of our fathers and grandfathers, surely we are presented with the strangest of all anomalies? In those former and gayer times when, so they say, "language" was forceful, frequent and free—the duel was the favourite method of cheating lawyers out of their Bills of Costs, for if you called anyone anything, you were given the choice between the *épée* and coffee for one. Now, when there is no such risk, members of the Commons, so it is averred, are Baldwinian to a point of boredom which can no longer be endured. I hope that a change is presaged, even if it means that the Master at Arms is to lose his job. The public will enjoy it immensely. Let us look forward, therefore, to an end of the hypocrisy of "The honourable Member for ———," and hope that we shall hear something which at present we are not allowed to print but one word of which may be indicated by the second letter in the alphabet.

If in future Members should find themselves gravelled for matter, owing to the poverty of our English and Scottish vocabularies, I would respectfully suggest that there is a vast and practically inexhaustible supply of vituperative expression which can be borrowed from both the Occident and from the Orient, particularly the latter.

"Spit of the Devil" is not bad, and we have not yet thought of "Head of a Sheep," "Sacred Blue," "Name of a



Truman Howell

AT THE SALISBURY PLAIN 'CHASES

Some of those who were on that fine, natural grandstand, Windmill Hill, at the opening meeting, in very inclement weather: (left to right) the Hon. Christopher Beckett (9th Lancers), Miss Diana Mills, and Mr. R. P. P. Smyly (13th/18th Hussars)



Poole, Dublin

AMONGST THOSE AT NAVAN STEEPLECHASES

Lord and Lady Farnham caught by the camera at an unguarded moment. This meeting's date was changed so as not to interfere with the International Rugby match in Dublin

By "SABRETACHE"



Handford
MAJOR A. E. PHILLIPS, M.F.H., AND
CHARMING CONSORT

Everyone in the Wilton country is very pleased at the news that, thanks to a fairy godfather, Major Phillips is able to go on as sole Master next season. He is at present Joint with Lady Radnor



Poole, Dublin
ANOTHER NAVAN STEEPLECHASES
SNAPSHOT

Lady Rathdonnell and her sister, Miss Hermione Drew, who is at present her guest at Lisnavagh, Rathvilly, Co. Carlow, with which county pack Lady Rathdonnell is one of the regulars

Pipe," "Name of a Dog." There are also the things they used to say to one another in Eastcheap in Falstaff's times. But, if honourable Members really want the goods they should go East and learn up some of the picturesque cussing which is there to be had for the asking. It is easily the most comprehensive in the wide world and stands quite alone. In our courts of law the prospect does not appear to be quite so hopeful, because, at present, no judge will own up to knowing what even B.F. or N.B.G. stand for.

It is probable that many of us have been getting quite a lot of entertainment out of the sleuths and spies by whom we are surrounded in these electric times in which we live. A spy is usually far cleverer than you and I are, and if we can spot the sleuths, what chance have those stout fellas of escaping detection by the expert? If you are a sleuth you ought to be made up to look like something very different! The spy is much more difficult to tackle. The charming wench who sits next to you at dinner, the cocktail-shaker at your favourite house of call, other than your club: the tailor, the hairdresser, the hotel hall-porter, especially on the Continent, and, of course, the Frails, who have been employed by the Intelligence Departments of every country, time out of mind—they are all dangerous. Beware! Be silent! For it is known that this is one of their really busy periods. At the same time, I think that the 400 agents who have been spotted might just as well pack up and go home, for they are wasting their own time and their masters' money.

One of the best dissertations upon the spy and his uses and misuses can be found in that informative book, "The Nation in Arms," written by that talented German soldier, Field-Marshal



Crisp
COTTENHAM STEWARDS AND GENTLEMEN RIDERS

An interesting group of the people who, either as stewards or performers, made the recent chases at Cottenham (the Cambridge Undergrads' very own) the big success they were. The names in the picture are: (l. to r., back) Mr. D. L. Bennett (Master, Cambridgeshire Harriers), Mr. A. R. McDougall (a winner), Major C. A. Townsend, Mr. J. J. Straker, Dr. Riddiough, Mr. D. W. B. Sewell, Mr. B. W. Pain, Mr. A. J. Craig-Harvey, Mr. C. N. G. McAndrew, Mr. W. P. Spens, and Mr. H. A. Nutting; (in front) Mr. N. E. Nixon, Judge Farrant, Mr. R. J. R. McDougall (Master of the Drag), Dr. R. Salisbury-Woods, and Mr. A. B. Briscoe, famous trainer

Baron Von Der Goltz, who has been styled "the most eminent pupil of Von Moltke," and I am sure that that was not an over-description. He said of spies, "persons of the proper degree of education cannot always be found for this questionable service," but, if found, that they were invaluable. He also wrote this note, which is a most useful caution, though not meant for outside consumption:

"Another important medium in the service of the Intelligence Department is the Press, not only the great journals, but also the small local Press. Of course, even the best-informed paper will neither be able, nor willing, to make known the situation of its own country in its entirety. But here again the truth is sifted out from numerous petty details. Other flashes of light have so often so far lit up the picture of the enemy's situation, that only a breath of wind is still wanting to rend asunder the last remaining film of mist."

(Continued on page xxii)



WITH THE ISLE OF WIGHT HOUNDS

Four well-knowns with this famous pack which still hunts the descendants of the foxes imported into the Island in 1845 by the founder of the hunt: Mr. B. Cotton. In the picture are Captain F. J. T. Mew, Colonel Richardson, M.F.H., Mr. S. G. Mumford, M.F.H., and Mr. J. Y. Jolliffe; Mrs. Jolliffe being the very capable and hard-working Hon. Sec.

THE FLORIDA SEASON



PRINCIPE BALTHASAR ODESCALCHI AND
MRS. W. W. PLANKINTON AT PALM BEACH



THE HERBERT EDGARS, WHO HAVE BEEN AT MIAMI



AT THE SEMINOLE COUNTRY CLUB:
THEIR GRACES OF MARLBOROUGH



MR. JAY O'BRIEN, WITH MRS. JOHN
HEMINGWAY, MRS. MAURICE FATIO
AND MRS. HERBERT WESTEN

Passed to you, please, from Palm Beach, Fla., where the crowded social picture is exceedingly cosmopolitan just now. At the Worswicks' villa, setting for one of the loveliest of many marvellous bathing-pools, find a Hungarian Prince, with Mrs. William Woods Plankinton, herself a villa owner; the latter and her partner won the Tombstone mixed four-somes on the Seminole course next day. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, also keen golfers, are staying, complete with daughters, with the Duke's mother, Mme. Jacques Balsan, and her husband, at her island home near Palm Beach. Colonel Balsan, a pioneer of aviation in France after serving in the Riff



MR. FREDERICK SIGRIST, HOUSE-BOAT HOST, AND MRS.
CHADWICK, OF CHICAGO, PALM BEACH, AND ANTIBES



COLONEL JACQUES BALSAN AND
M. BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL,
THE FRENCH ARTIST

campaign, was liaison officer with the Scots Guards during the Great War. Amongst Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sigrist's recent guests aboard their house-boat at Miami have been Major and Mrs. Herbert Edgar, who join their yacht at Cannes in April. Mr. Sigrist has just sold to Sir Edward Manton the M.Y. "Viva II." he bought from his partner, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, with whom he shares such very widespread aviation interests. Mrs. Clifford Michel, seen with Mrs. George Snowden, is the youngest of the three pretty Richards sisters, who are staying at Palm Beach with their grandfather, Mr. Jules Bache, very noted collector



AT MR. BACHE'S VILLA: MRS.
MICHEL AND MRS. SNOWDEN



MRS. "ARCHIE" CAMPBELL, BESIDE
MRS. GEORGE MESKER'S POOL

Le Cocher

'Le Cocher' is irresistibly feminine and chic. Fine black sequins glitter against old world rustic braid and add coquetry to the wide-meshed rustic veil. Tall cire quill. From the Hat Shop.



Harrods



THE LONDON APPRENTICE INN AT ISLEWORTH

An attractive sketch of one of the London river's many picturesque old inns—a fine, unaltered Georgian building standing on the Middlesex side, and as great a lure to artists of to-day as it was stated to have been to less reputable persons in the past. Amongst other highwaymen, Dick Turpin is said to have been one of its patrons. That famous High Toby man had catholic tastes in his houses of call, for so many of them claim to have been his haunts. In Victorian days The London Apprentice was very popular with boating parties from London. A little to the left stands the Parish Church, of which the handsome chancel is said to have been rebuilt in 1705 from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. Osiers for basket-making grow on little eyots to the right of the inn

TWO fishermen named Smith, living near each other, had met with misfortune. One lost his wife and the other his boat. A lady visitor called by mistake on the man who had lost his boat, thinking he was the widower.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith," she said. "I'm sorry to hear of your loss."

"Oh, it ain't much matter, mum," he replied. "She wasn't up to much."

"Dear me!" exclaimed his visitor. "You don't say so?"

"Yes. She was a rickety old creak. When I went out with her I was always in danger of my life. In fact, I offered her to my mate, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time."

"Are your neighbours honest?" the visitor asked the old negro.

"Yassir, dey is," replied the darkie.

"Then why do you keep that loaded shot-gun near your hen-coop?"

"Dat," said the negro, meaningly, "is to keep 'em honest."

"Now," said the magistrate to the chatty prisoner, "what have you got to say?"

"I've got a good deal to say if you'll only give me time," replied the prisoner angrily.

"Certainly," returned the magistrate blandly. "Six months!"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK



MISS ROSEMARY FORD

Who is one of the young people's committee which is organising the Pay Party in aid of the Barclay Workshops for Blind Women to be held on March 7 at 6, Stanhope Gate. Miss Ford is a daughter of Captain and Mrs. Richard Ford and a granddaughter of the late Sir Clare Ford, at one time British Ambassador in Rome

The miner's wife had been waiting for her man all the evening, and at last getting tired of it, she locked all the doors of the house and went to bed. Before long she heard a violent hammering on the front door.

Opening the window she called out: "Where 've you been all evening?"

"Ah 've bin at t'club, lass," he said. "Tellin' t'lads about t'strike."

"Then tha can go back," came the uncompromising reply, as the window slammed down, "an' tell 'em all about t'lock-out!"

The golfer stepped up to the tee and drove off. The ball sailed straight down the fairway, leaped on to the green, and rolled into the hole. The golfer threw his club in the air with excitement.

"What have you suddenly gone crazy about?" asked his wife, who was trying to learn something about the game.

"Why, I just did a hole in one!" yelled the player, a wild gleam of delight in his eyes.

"Did you, dear?" asked his wife placidly. "Do it again. I didn't see you."

Rastus had just been presented by his wife with his twelfth child. As the proud father was escorting the doctor to the door a duck passed by.

"Whose duck is that?" asked the doctor.

"Dat ain't no duck, boss," said Rastus with a sigh. "Dat's the stork with its legs worn down."



Sheer Delight by Bear Brand

When the occasion calls for "best foot foremost" there cannot be a shadow of doubt on the stocking question.

For some time now Bear Brand "Supreme" sheer ringless stockings have been performing the pleasant duties of looking utterly beautiful and thoroughly expensive.

Moreover their charge for this service is modest in the extreme. In fact one can revel in the sheer luxury of these lovely stockings at a revelling charge of anything between 3/11 and 6/11. Alternatively one can enjoy the charms of Bear Brand "Symetra"—the stockings with the exclusive slenderizing effect, and the seams which *always* stay straight.

BEAR BRAND
CREPE LUXURY STOCKINGS

3/11

4/11

6/11





THE DEVONPORT SERVICES XV., WHO BEAT GUY'S HOSPITAL

When these two teams met at Honor Oak Park recently, Guy's were unable to stand up to the very much superior play of their opponents, and the result ended in a win for Devonport with a score of 10 points to 3

Names, l. to r.: (back, standing) Midshipman Healey, A.B. Slocombe, Midshipman Boddy, Leading Seaman Blake, Leading Signaller Murray, G. Warden (referee); (seated) 2nd-Lieut. A. Clayton-Green, A.B. Attwood, Marine Webb, Lieut. Aylen (captain), Colour-Sergeant Kelly, A.B. Bailey, Lieut. Hogg; (on ground) A.B. Downs, Leading Seaman Owens, A.B. Folwell

DEAR TATLER,

IS this to be Ireland's year? It certainly looks like it, and from the enthusiasm shown at the recent match with Scotland, it is fairly obvious that the crowd realised that at long last their opportunity had come to repeat a success which has evaded them for forty years. It was in 1899 that Ireland last won the Triple Crown, though, of course, they have on several occasions divided the Championship, and, indeed, five years ago won it outright, though on that occasion they did not win all their matches. Everything comes to those who wait, and Ireland have waited for a long time for the triumph which seems at present well within their grasp. The coming match with Wales looks like a real certainty, but bitter experience has shown every country that there is no such thing as a real certainty in International football, and the apparently good thing may fail to materialise.

It is clear that this is only a moderate year as far as the nations are concerned, and this Irish side, despite the marvellous form shown by its forwards and not forgetting that prince of scrum-halves, their captain, G. J. Morgan, is by no means an unusually powerful one. They had undoubtedly the better of the game with England, and no one would grudge them their Twickenham victory, but it was a near thing, after all, and the single try by which they won should be borne in mind. Their recent victory over Scotland was much more decisive, but one is inclined to attribute some part of it at least to the appalling conditions under which it was played. So it may be that Wales, with a bit of luck, may do the trick, though it is hard to imagine that Ireland will fail at Belfast. Certainly it will take an exceptional pack to hold their own with the Irishmen, who, on their two performances, have earned their right to be considered the equal of some of the most famous packs of bygone years. There were giants in the days of old, it is true, but their great failing was the inability to last the course which they so often displayed. Personally I have always attributed the immense improvement in Irish forward play of recent years to the influence and leadership of the late "Horsey" Brown, of glorious memory. The Irish Selectors were curiously reluctant to choose him for the national side, and there was a story current at the time that the English Selectors at last warned the Irish division that if they did not pick "Horsey," England would, with the result with which everyone is now familiar.

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

The Irish Selectors, however, have not been faced with any difficulty of the kind this season, and the only alteration in the side which beat Scotland is the substitution of D. Tierney, an original choice, for T. Headon, who, by the way, was one of the best forwards on the field at Dublin, and therefore deserves some commiseration on his omission, which could not well be avoided. But doubtless his turn will come later on. The Welsh side has only just been announced as this page goes to press, so my comments must perforce be held over. The victory over one of the worst of Scottish sides was by no means as convincing as it might have been, and the form, though an improvement on that shown against England, cannot have inspired much confidence. Certainly there is no reason to believe that the



Photos.: Cries

THE GUY'S HOSPITAL XV.

This was certainly not one of Guy's days out, and they never seemed to have really got going v. formidable Devonport Services

Names, l. to r.: (back, standing) T. J. Evans, M.A. (Dean of Schools), P. A. Lane-Roberts, L. G. Hartley, R. D. Plowman, D. P. Finnegan, R. F. Camp, J. H. E. Winston (Secretary of Medical and Dental Schools), G. Warden (referee); (seated) R. U. F. Kynaston, J. P. Crawford, P. Fletcher, L. Babrow (captain), D. N. Fuller, J. C. Bulstrode, J. P. Rochford; (on ground) C. Halmandres, A. M. McCall, R. M. Sharpe

ramping, tearing Irish forwards will be held by Welsh opposite numbers, and though Wales may hold an advantage in the centre—and this depends entirely on whether W. Wooller regains his form—there is no other department in which they will be able to claim superiority.

We shall have another opportunity of dealing with England's visit to Murrayfield, and for the moment it seems enough to say that there need be no delusions that because Scotland has lost two matches already, the game is a sure thing for England. The team that lost at Dublin was a vast improvement on the one which was defeated at Cardiff, and there is no reason whatsoever to suppose that it cannot be still further improved. On the form at Dublin, even if Roberts had not been chosen, Scotland need have no further nervousness as to the full back, for the performance of W. M. Penman, of the R.A.F., was highly satisfactory. No young player in his first International could have had a more severe test, and from it he emerged with the greatest credit.

In this game, too, D. J. Macrae showed the same magnificent form that he did against Wales, and there is no question whatever that he is the centre of the year. R. W. Shaw was much more happy than he had been in the previous game, in which he never ought to have played, and, indeed, showed glimpses of his best form. The wings were not particularly speedy, but J. R. S. Innes managed to obtain a try which was the gem score of the afternoon. The halves were not too successful, for R. B. Bruce-Lockhart is never at home in the mud, and T. F. Dorward, plucky as he is, had more than he could do to cope with the Irish pack. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Scottish forwards were badly beaten. Man for man, they stood up splendidly.

This England . . .



Skiddaw and the Vale of Keswick

FREEDOM such as we know in England cannot exist without self-discipline. Even before the Conquest, there were three communal duties laid upon us : Bricgbote, Burhbote and Fyrd — the maintenance of the town and its approaches, and service in the national militia at need. But it was in the Middle Ages that this conception was clearly codified : “ the free and law-abiding man ” — freely obeying and free in proportion as he does so. It is, as you may see, the infusion of this spirit that has made the fame of English manufactures : we could assuredly make less well to our greater profit, but that would be an ill-service to the community. So it is with your Worthington — the spirit of honourable service (like its method of brewing) dating from that age when the Englishman’s common duty was conceived — to his lasting and appreciable good.



SERGEANT MUQUENA GETS AWAY

By
B. L. JACOT



"So you thought you were going to get away?" Muquena sneered, speaking English. "Well, after to-morrow at dawn you'll be staying in Spain for good"

THE little frontier town of Valledimos, in the foothills of the Spanish Pyrenees, was enjoying a rare spell of quiet when the army lorry rumbled up over the bomb-torn *pavé* to Sergeant Muquena's office in the square. Hoarse shouting in a foreign tongue woke him from his siesta and he tumbled out into the glare of the August sun to watch the prisoners booted out over the tailboard.

"Birds for to-morrow's pie," the driver of the lorry grinned. "When you've locked 'em up take me to the Commandant."

Sergeant Muquena was a Spaniard—almost a rarity now in the fighting in this corner of Spain—and he had a great contempt for anyone who spoke Spanish with an accent as bad as this other sergeant's.

"When I am ready I will conduct you," he said. He knew what "birds for the pie" meant, and he looked over the prisoners, half-dead with fatigue and thirst, with professional interest. Deserters came along in all sorts of rags, but this was a miserable lot. "Where have you gathered these, señor?" he asked.

The driver was looking round the shell-torn square, with its church steeple blasted from the grey stone tower and hanging point down towards the heap of rubble that had been a bank, its gaping craters, the shell of the long building, once a block of flats, with blue sky showing behind the rows of empty windows, the dead mules in the corner by the fountain. "These? They are from the Foreign Legion, taken on the frontier. They almost got through last night—English, most of them."

"So you thought you were going to get away?" Muquena sneered, speaking English. "Well, after to-morrow at dawn you'll be staying in Spain for good."

"Give us some water," a boy with his arm in a sling said weakly. "You can't keep us without a drink."

The sergeants laughed. "He gives us orders!" roared Muquena. "These English! But you shall have wine. You shall have champagne!"

"If you pay for it," Sergeant Vanetti added.

A thought came to the Spaniard. "To escape you must have money. You have money, eh?"

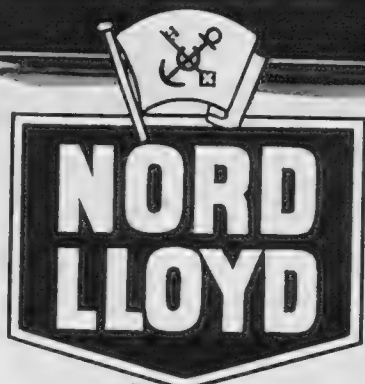
"It was my joke," Vanetti explained hurriedly. "They have none."

"Well, let them be thirsty. Come on, march!"

The ragged group trailed into the building. The stone-flagged passage was blocked, where it gave on to a cool courtyard, by sandbags and a tangle of twisted ironwork, once bedsteads. The far wall of the courtyard was pock-marked with rifle fire, and at least two of the prisoners noticed, as they were herded into a single cell, that those bullet marks were all on the rough level of a man's chest. Sergeant Muquena's bakery for bird pie had once been a convent, but he had missed the opening ceremony, when several of the ladies

(Continued on page 454)

EUROPA



BREMEN



People who have once crossed to New York by 'Bremen' or 'Europa' seem to choose these twin Giants again and again. What can the reason be? The Nord Lloyd ships, of course, offer great size and high speed. Naturally they are luxurious and fashionable and faultlessly serviced. Yet, in the opinion of their passengers, they offer a 'something else'—more subtle and even more important. Neither they nor we can put this 'something' into words. But, if you make the famous North Atlantic Crossing by Nord Lloyd, you too will experience it—and find it welcome in very truth.

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● Service augmented by S.S. Columbus and S.S. Berlin when the seasonal demand requires it.

SERGEANT MUQUENA GETS AWAY—(Contd. from p. 452)

of the Sacred Heart had been the first to be lined up against that wall. That was two years ago, and the sergeant had been fighting on the other side then.

A tall, thin Englishman put his face to the bars in the door when Muquena slammed it. "Give this little fellow some water," he shouted. "He's wounded. We're all of us near the limit, blast you!"

"All in good time, my friends!" the sergeant grinned, and, waving a hand, led the Italian back across the square to the Commandant.

Sergeant Muquena presented the Italian to the Portuguese officer left in command of the skeleton force holding the district, and in his bomb-proof dug-out underneath the remains of the twelfth-century Town Hall the Commandant thumbed through the papers. It was one thing to win territory and another to hold it, and troops were urgently needed on the fighting fronts.

"You know our orders, sergeant," the Commandant snapped. "See that they are shot at dawn to-morrow."

"*Sí, señor.*"

For a while the Commandant spoke in lowered tones with the staff officer at his side, then, nodding at the Italian, he dismissed him. "A word with you, Sergeant Muquena," he added.

The sergeant saluted. "*Sí señor.*"

The room was thick with flies buzzing in the sweltering air that reeked of fried food, and as he waited the sergeant could hear through the drowsing quiet of the afternoon a distant drumming of artillery fire. A big, loud-mouthed animal, Muquena was not very intelligent, but he knew how to look out for himself, although he had not, as yet, been able to get out of Spain—an urgent ambition of most Spaniards in that war-ridden corner of the country.

"These deserters, sergeant," the Commandant began at length, "have been searched for papers and any information. Three English and two Basques—French. They yielded us nothing. As you know, we have been losing many men over the frontier, especially in this district, through the passes in the mountains. The French are sympathetic—especially to their own countrymen and the English. I am now going to tell you something in confidence. You understand what would happen to you if you betrayed that confidence, sergeant?"

Muquena was watching their faces intently. "I understand, Commandant," he said.

"There is an organisation to help deserters—in the mountains—of which we have certain particulars, with agents among our troops, especially the Foreign Legion, who help these men with information and money to get out of the country. I am telling you now, sergeant, that recently special precautions have been taken by our counter-agents—you understand? The trap has been set: we wait for those that walk into it."

"I follow, señor." So they had some scheme? It did not worry Muquena: his only connection with deserters was the shooting of them.

"Before you execute these English, talk to them. Learn anything you can from them. I am telling you, sergeant, that they have been specially watched, but they have not done anything to betray the source that is helping them."

Vanetti was waiting for him in the square, lighting a thin, black cigar. "All the way along," he mentioned, "one has been questioning this lot. Believe me, they are searching for something." He tucked his matches back inside the flap of his twin-peaked forage-cap and blew out a spurt of smoke. "It is the same all long the line here by the passes in those mountains. They search for the organisation that is helping these foreigners out of the country."

"Maybe," Muquena replied. "When do you return?"

"Me, I please myself. I have my lorry and I have my safe conduct, so I go where I like and I go when I like. If you have a bed I will stop the night, señor."

"It is a pleasure," Muquena assured him, and with two guards he went to the cell to carry a bucket of water to the prisoners. While they drank he spoke to them, watching them closely. Two of them were scarcely more than boys, and they responded to the kindness he put into his voice. He fetched three bottles of thin red wine. "Once," he said, "I lived in London. That is how I learn your language."

The sergeant spent the rest of the afternoon with the Italian, talking in the office. This man's safe conduct took him occasionally across the frontier, and Muquena thought that, with papers such as this Italian had, he must be crazy

ever to recross the frontier into Spain again. Sergeant Muquena would have given a good deal to be in this Italian's shoes—if he had enough money. You had to have money to get out of Spain, and officers saw to it that none of the troops had this help.

In the evening he took food in to his prisoners, and, following orders, he talked with them sympathetically. While his guards searched the men he was to shoot next morning, the tall, thin Englishman attracted his attention.

"Search me again—alone," he whispered. "I'll show you what you're looking for."

Muquena eyed him suspiciously. The man was nearly dead from fatigue and privation, but he looked as if he had something interesting to reveal. The sergeant took him into the cell adjoining and, keeping him covered with the automatic he held: "Señor?" he queried.

The Englishman took the cigarette from his ear, and, splitting it with unsteady fingers, he handed the other three French banknotes, rolled in with the tobacco.

"We've been talking this out in there," he croaked. "You've lived in London. Make a break with us. You've got that lorry, and we can show you where to go. Friends will help us across the mountains."

For a long while the sergeant was silent. These fools really thought he was their friend! There were possibilities. With money and that headquarters lorry—his pulse quickened as he worked it out.

"Let us out of that cell to-night, sergeant, and throw in your lot with us. We'll see that you get through, and that boy's mother is waiting in Paris. She's a rich woman, and——"

He stopped it. "For the English," he said, speaking softly, "I would do much. I would risk much. But where is this place?"

The Englishman hesitated. "We would show you," he offered.

"One must be sure, señor. You appreciate the risks I take?"

"You'll do it, sergeant?" The Englishman's eyes were burning in the hollow sockets, and, in spite of himself, his voice cracked on a note of hope. "You'll come with us?"

"I will steal that lorry and come with you." Ostentatiously he slid his gun into the holster. "But you must tell me this place. And this is not enough money. You have more? How much?"

"Four hundred francs. We shall have enough between us now. The place is twenty-eight kilometres from here to the north—Carrenza."

"I know it!" Muquena told him. He found the other's hand and shook it. "I'll lock you up now. Wait till I come for you, my friends."

The sergeant was grinning to himself as he hurried back to make his plans. He had money now—and the Italian was staying the night. This was a chance that could not be missed, but he had first to work out something in connection with this Italian, in case anything went wrong.

He worked it all out carefully while he played cards with his guest and drank in the little office that night. At midnight he visited his men across the square. The night was quiet and black as velvet, and when he returned to his quarters all was ready. He was alone in the buildings, except for the prisoners and the Italian.

Sergeant Muquena killed his guest by crushing his skull with the automatic. In the lamp-light he examined the safe conduct he took from the dead man's pocket and tucked it away in his tunic. Then he blew out the light and crossed the courtyard to unlock the prisoners. "The lorry waits outside," he breathed. "No noise. After I leave you come out, one at a time—but *quietly*—and climb into the back of the lorry. As soon as I have seen that all is safe I will drive you to Carrenza."

"God bless you, sergeant," he heard someone say in English. "Wait till we get to Paris."

From the passage he made out indistinct figures as they crept through the darkness at intervals into the lorry. He counted five, then jumped to action. First he dragged the body of the Italian to the door of the cell the prisoners had just left, leaving it heaped on the stones of the courtyard, then he hurried back to his telephone.

He got a connection to headquarters and, speaking urgently in Spanish, he said: "Five prisoners have escaped and killed Sergeant Vanetti, of your staff, taking his lorry. Watch the roads!" Giving his name and further particulars he hung up and ran for the lorry. He climbed into the back, breathless.

(Continued on page xxiv)



"You see, I can tell White Horse blindfold."

"But how did you know?"

"Well, to me it is unmistakable. White Horse has got a subtle, distinctive aroma of its own: it's soft and smooth to the palate — just like a fine liqueur. I knew I was right, I recognised it at once."

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of convenient
sizes on sale
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WHITE HORSE WHISKY

*The millions of gallons of finest Scotch Whisky
matured and maturing ensure that the quality of White Horse never varies*

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

Lining Them Up.

APPEARANCE, in both maidens and motor-cars, exercises a powerful sales appeal. Few things, indeed, lure on "prospect" or "prospective" more effectively. But if, when the sale has been completed, appearance is not backed up by performance, neither the maiden nor the motor-car will retain the affections of their purchasers. SS motor-cars caught the eye with their appearance; and they have now consolidated their position in the affections of a large and increasing section of the motoring public by their performance. They're good-lookers and good goers; they attract the eye and satisfy the automotive appetite. I was glad, last week, to renew my acquaintance with the 3½-litre saloon model and to seek once more to express in words why that SS line is so pleasing. I think that one reason is that the low build, the long sweep from radiator to rear bumper, the harmonising wings, the appropriate windows, all seem to minister to a single idea.

Now, I've heard lots of different stories about how the SS line was evolved, but I have never asked Mr. Lyons about it. So I'll hazard the guess that it was created not by a committee, but by a single man boldly working on his own logical conception, refusing to be deflected from it. I can't believe that so harmonious and fitting an assembly could have been achieved by a mixing of ideas, however skilful. And then there comes the second part of the picture—utility and performance. It used to be said that so beautiful a line demanded the sacrifice of certain things, such as outlook for the driver. It was said that it entailed running-boards so low that one dared not go near a kerb. It was said that the car might look fast, but that perhaps it was not fast. It was said that it could not be comfortable.

Performance.

All those objections have been shown, during the years of work done by SS cars, to be wrong. The outlook,



ROYALTY AT THE AMERICAN CLUB DINNER IN PARIS

H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor honoured the American Club of France by being a guest at their recent dinner at the Hotel George V. H.R.H. is now living in Paris. In the above picture the names are: (l. to r.) General Maurice Gamelin, Chief of the French General Staff; H.E. William C. Bullitt, American Ambassador to France; M. Edouard Daladier, the French Premier; Mr. Max Stoop, President of the American Club; and H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor



CAPTAIN AND MRS. FLETCHER FISHING ON THE SPEY

The actual place at which the picture was taken was Alt Drearg, and they say the fish in the river are both good and plentiful. The river is still running rather high and the weather hardly spring-like



MR. AND MRS. CLAUDE DAMPIER AND NEW CAR

The car is the 1939 Hudson Country Club "Eight" de luxe touring saloon, 28.8 h.p., fitted with radio, heater, defroster, and every other luxury of which you can think. It is suggested that it is scarcely necessary to say anything about the owner. The world owes him many hours of merriment

as I again proved to my complete satisfaction last week, is extremely good, with full view of the wings; the comfort is exceptional, with sliding seats for driver and front passenger and a steering-wheel of the Bluemel type, adjustable for height; the running-boards have sufficient clearance to abolish all kerb-catching fears and, last of all, the car is really fast. It is a genuine ninety-mile-an-hour vehicle with a maximum quite a bit above 90. It will snap up to seventy in less than 21 seconds.

Equipment is lavish. The instruments include a rev. counter and radiator thermometer. Dip-switch is on the wheel, where there is also an ignition advance and retard and a traffic-indicator switch. Windscreen is openable. There are swivelling quarter-lights for ventilation. Tools are in a fitted lid to the locker. Spare wheel is internally stowed in a compartment under the luggage-locker. Brakes are Girling. Valves for the six-cylinder engine are overhead. Rating is 25.01 h.p. and tax £18 15s. Price of the complete saloon is £445. With all this goes a very happy style of movement. The four-speed synchromesh gear-box is easy on the fingers

and the car is quiet and smoothly obedient in traffic. No doubt about the enticing qualities of this car, or about its living up to its looks in performance!

The Debate Continues.

Evacuation is discussed a good deal in these times, and on the day I am writing these notes a further statement about it is expected from Sir John Anderson. But I am always puzzled to know why the transport side of the problem is so superficially treated. Our politicians seem to think that the railways will be able to do all the carrying that is wanted and that, if an emergency arises, with its dislocation and excitement, all the women and children could be carried out to their billets or school camps by rail. Well, I don't believe it. I believe that the railway train is the worst form of vehicle there is for evacuation purposes. I believe that successful evacuation plans demand the use of the roads.

Now, the Minister of Transport the other day in the House of Commons, said, in reply to a question, that he kept "prominently" before

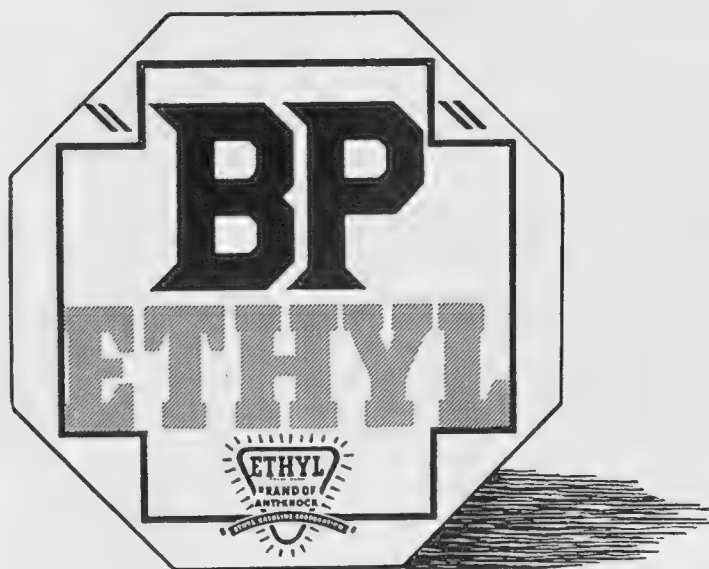
(Continued on page 460)

FASTEST SKIER: 1 KILOMETRE AT 76.98 M.P.H. HELD BY SWITZERLAND. ESTABLISHED IN 1938.



***“PLUS A LITTLE
SOMETHING”***

**THE
SPORTSMAN'S PETROL**



AIR EDDIES — by OLIVER STEWART

Peas, Perfect Peas.

HATRED of confined spaces seems to be hereditary in the pea. The pea that peers peevishly at one from a glass jar or that emerges, dishevelled, from a tin, is a poor pea, relative to the plump and peptic pea of the great outdoors. Consequently, a vote of thanks should be passed to Imperial Airways for a recent and very notable pea-carrying experiment. Two hundredweight of fresh green peas from the delta of the Nile, which, as international air-transport companies ought to know, really means 101·6 kilogrammes of them, were brought from Egypt to England by flying-boat in thirty-six hours. By ordinary surface transport the peas would have taken about twelve days, and you know what a pea looks like after that. The experimental shipment that went to market by air was in three lots; two sacks of peas in the pod, one box of shelled peas packed in dry ice, and one box of shelled peas without ice. "Experts from Covent Garden market," Imperial Airways tell me, "examined the peas and found them all in excellent condition."

There, surely, is a human and humane service performed by aviation for the benefit of mankind. If only all aircraft were used for carrying peas about, the world would be a great deal happier than it is. At the same time we have to realise that when the choice is guns or butter, or, perhaps I should say, peas or pistols, and when other countries prefer the inedible mineral to the succulent herb, we must do the same. We must go on building up our air force as quickly as we know how—a great deal more quickly than anything we have yet attempted—and let these isolated instances of the peaceful uses of flying remind us that, if sanity eventually prevails, aviation can still be useful and civilising. For, remember, the use of really fresh food is not a luxury; it is a measure essential to proper fitness and health.

Hitch or No Hitch?

It is a little puzzling when one reads in one newspaper that a "hitch" has occurred in the negotiations for merging



INTO THE SUNSET

A striking picture taken in Scottish waters as one of the Navy's latest 'planes takes off and wings its way into a golden sunset from the deck of the aircraft-carrier "Courageous"

Imperial Airways and British Airways, and in another that the negotiations are going forward with the greatest smoothness. It is even more puzzling when friends who are in a position to know the inner workings of the negotiations are equally at variance about what is happening. At any rate, it should not be long now before we have some official announcement—indeed, one may have been made by the time these notes appear. So far as the public is concerned the only thing that matters is that some arrangement shall be arrived at which will permit the efficient working of British air lines.

On this point I feel inclined to proffer a little advice to our air-line officials. It is this: Do not be too stern and dutiful. A woman I was talking to the other day, who has very wide experience of air travel, said that she preferred to go by Air France to any other company, not because she knew anything about the aeroplanes or whether they went much faster or much slower than the British machines, but simply because of the way in which the French company produces an atmosphere of freedom and cheerful courtesy. Dutifulness, as Anatole France said of justice, is "the most melancholy of virtues. Nobody desires it. Faith opposes it by grace and nature by love. It is enough for a man to call himself just for him to inspire a genuine repulsion." Let British air-line officials be a shade less conscientious, a shade less dutiful, a shade less just,

and air travel in our machines would be an altogether pleasanter thing.

Gunnery.

The funniest story to come out of the Royal Air Force for a long time was related to me the other day at an aerodrome near London. A certain pilot had come down after a test flight, which included a good deal of high flying. During the flight the guns in the power-operated turret had frozen up, and although efforts were made to get them working they had refused to respond. Somewhat disgruntled, and saying everything unpleasant about the guns he could, the

(Continued on page 460)



LUNCHEON TO R.A.F. RECORD-BREAKERS

The City Livery Club recently gave a lunch to the R.A.F. airmen at the Leathersellers Hall in honour of their long-distance record-breaking flight to Australia last year. They left Ismailia on November 5 and arrived at Darwin on November 7, covering 7162 miles. The photograph shows (l. to r.) Flt.-Lieut. A. N. Combe, Flt.-Lieut. B. K. Burnett, and Sergeant H. D. Gray



ANOTHER GROUP AT THE R.A.F. LUNCH

It has been announced that there are to be no more record-breaking flights by the R.A.F., but after the Australian flight they can well rest on their laurels. In the above picture are seen (l. to r.) Squadron Leader R. Kellett, Flt.-Lieut. R. T. Gething, and Pilot-Officer M. L. Gaine, three more honoured guests of the City Livery Club

2 - LITRE



SAFETY FAST!



STIRLING CASTLE

"Had an argument the other day with a journalist friend of mine who had stated that the gap between the high performance car and the normal car is closing.

I wonder if it really is! In price it may be so. But take an ordinary touring car and compare it with the M.G. for a high speed cross country run, for those instant accelerations that spell safety, for stability on grease and that general easeful handling that breed brings out in a car. That is where, in my opinion, the M.G. scores."

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads 'Cecil Kimber'.

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

M.G. Midget from £222 • 1½-Litre from £280 • 2-Litre from £389 • 2.6-Litre from £442 • (Ex works) Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED • ABINGDON-ON-THAMES, BERKSHIRE • SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LIMITED COWLEY • OXFORD • ENGLAND

Golf—(Continued from page 428)

The University match will be played in a fortnight's time at Royal St. George's, Sandwich, and I have already said that so far as I am concerned there is only one team in it. After watching Oxford for the past two or three matches, however, I am inclined to modify that opinion. I think they will come out of it better than we at first thought. I still don't think that they will win, but there may be no more than three points in it between them.

At the last minute they were fortunate to find A. S. Gilbey, who came up from Harrow last term. He did not appear for the university until three weeks ago. Since then, he has won all his matches, and at Stoke Poges last Saturday, John Lawrie very wisely, I thought, took his courage in both hands and gave him the last place in the team. Hard luck on those who had been struggling for two terms, but such is life, and Gilbey was too good to be passed over for another year. I prophesy that the score at Sandwich will be 9—6, 10—5 in favour of Cambridge.

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 456)

him the importance of good road exits from the big cities for evacuation purposes. But the actual building of such roads is in the hands of the local authorities and the local authorities say that the Government grant of sixty per cent of the cost is not enough and that they will do nothing further about it. Result: a deadlock.

It is an amazing position and one that should be cleared up at the earliest possible moment. If evacuation roads as exits from the big cities are really needed for national defence—and nobody has said that they aren't—there should be no further delay about starting to build them. It is no good building holiday or school camps if it is found that the women and children cannot be got to them.

New "Eight."

I shall hope to deal more fully than I can today with the new Austin "Eight" in a future issue, because this is a car of special interest which demands special treatment. But here I must just remind you of some of the details. First, there is the entirely changed frontal appearance with the bow radiator grille and the "alligator" bonnet top. Then there is the body and chassis construction which uses a pressed steel chassis, taking the passenger and luggage loads, as a sort of platform to which the body proper is then attached.

Lord Austin, when he introduced the new model at Longbridge, made some cogent comments. He said that his company preferred to

look towards the possibilities of a peace ensured by a Britain prepared and strong, and that in confirmation of that faith they were going confidently forward with production plans and were aiming at a big schedule of "Eights" per week. He added that in designing the Austin "Eight" they had endeavoured to create a small car that would carry with it "no sense of compromise or limitation," and give the man in the street and his family motoring enjoyment at very small cost.

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 458)

pilot landed, climbed out and began to walk away from the machine. At that instant there was a shattering roar and the guns suddenly sprang into life of their own accord and streamed fire and lead in his direction. It seems that they had just had time to thaw out!

* * *

Speedy.

It has become customary to bruit speeds about in an altogether reckless manner. The fashion was started by the fine Edinburgh-London flight some time ago. It registered an average enormously greater than the maximum still air, level flight speed of the machine. Then America stepped in with a dive of 930 kilometres an hour. Now how those two speeds were recorded nobody knows. But this much at least can be said of the first, that it was made across country from point to point, and so the chances of error were less than in the dive, when an instrument reading is the sole indication.

Similarly, the recent flight between Oxford and Farnborough may be said to be reasonably accurate though obviously not of the order of accuracy demanded in a fully confirmed and homologated record. In this flight the test pilot did the journey in five minutes. That works out at 811 kilometres an hour. The machine was the Miles Master, with Rolls-Royce Kestrel engine, whose top speed is below 480 kilometres an hour. The pilot pushed it up to over 800 by diving. That was a tribute to the aerodynamic cleanness of the machine and especially so in that this type is a standard Royal Air Force trainer which takes two people with full dual control in a closed compartment. If one takes into consideration all these recent speed flights, I think this last one is really the most meritorious largely because the machine is a two-seater trainer of standard type. But Mr. Miles has always been good at keeping the drag low in his aeroplanes. It is one of the secrets of their success.



The sale of Sunbeam-Talbot Cars is greater than ever before in the history of both Companies, the increase even over the previous record year is 38.6%.

Such popularity Must be deserved!

Try a Sunbeam-Talbot to-day!



THE '3 LITRE' from £415 'TEN' SPORTS SALOON £265 THE '4 LITRE' from £455

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London Showrooms: Warwick Wright Ltd., 150 New Bond Street, W.1

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Lady Anne Hill, enjoying the comfort and service of the famous L.N.E.R. Coronation Express. She says: "Whether I'm travelling or staying at home, I always enjoy a plain Martini Vermouth before dinner. I consider it the ideal 'first course' and I'm sure it helps to keep one fit."

The record-breaking **Queen Mary**. **The Earl of Northesk**, a regular ocean traveller, says: "A plain Martini Vermouth is a splendid dinner partner — on land or sea. Both for pleasure and health, it's the perfect drink before or with the meal."

Lady Margaret Douglas Home travels in the luxurious Air France Liner. She says: "I'm certainly air-minded and I'm Martini-minded too! It's such a healthy drink, I prefer it neat and find its stimulating effect invaluable, especially on a lengthy trip."

MV25



There are fashions even in drinks—and the latest in England and America is—Plain Martini Vermouth before the meal or with the hors d'œuvres. Fortunately, this is a fashion that leads to fitness, for I understand that the natural aromatic herbs which are blended with the rich matured wine are excellent for toning up the stomach and digestive organs. They ensure perfect assimilation of food and, incidentally, help to keep the figure youthful and slim.

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figure
foundation.

Pantees.	from 10/6 to 49/6
Step-Ins.	8/11 " 47/6
Corselettes.	16/11 " 69/6
Brassieres.	5/11 " 28/6

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ments for yourself — or
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*Your first
choice
for Spring*



Lenarz

LADY BARBARA ABNEY-HASTINGS

The eldest daughter of Major R. M. C. Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun, of Loudoun Castle, Ayrshire, who is engaged to Mr. W. S. Lord, son of the late Captain A. F. Lord and Mrs. Lord, of Chudleigh, Devon

ing the Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, at 2.30 p.m. today.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. J. N. St. G. Kirke, elder son of General Sir Walter M. St. G. Kirke, G.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., and Lady Kirke, of Enton Green, Godalming, and Hilda Viola Walker Browne, younger daughter of Colonel W. W. Browne, O.B.E., and Mrs. Browne, of Farnham, Surrey; Brigadier-General E. W. D. Baird, C.B.E., of Kelloe, Duns, Berwickshire, and Helen Cicely, widow of Captain A. E. Butter, C.M.G., Newton Hall, Gifford, East Lothian; Baron Ludwig von Twickel, son of the late Baron and Baroness Ferdinand von Twickel, of Ettal, Upper Bavaria, and Ann, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Courtenay Throckmorton, of Coughton Court,

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying in Buenos Aires.

Mr. Murdoch Paterson, of Junin, Argentina, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, is marrying Beatrice, third daughter of Mrs. H. Savile, of Rio de Janeiro. The wedding will take place this month.

A London Wedding Today
Mr. Kenneth Harrington is marry-

stream Guards, only son of Captain and Mrs. J. Graham-Clarke, of Frocester Manor, Gloucestershire, and Jean Margaret, younger daughter of the late Sir Marshall Reid, C.I.E., and Lady Reid, of Belton, Camberley, Surrey; Mr. G. O. Budd, youngest son of Sir Cecil L. Budd and Lady Budd, of Burley Hill, Ringwood,



Hay Wrightson

MISS URSULA WEST

The only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. T. West, of Barcote Manor, Faringdon, who is engaged to Captain J. R. Cordy-Simpson, 13th/18th Royal Hussars (Q.M.O.), elder son of the late Major R. Cordy-Simpson and of Mrs. F. Bullock-Marsham



Fayer

MISS CASSANDRA LEGARD

Sir Digby and Lady Legard's only daughter, who is to marry Mr. P. C. C. Cayley, the only son of Admiral G. C. Cayley, C.B. and the late Mrs. Cayley

Hants, and Margaret Patricia, younger daughter of the late Edwin Cross, Nigerian Civil Service, and Mrs. Cross, of Blackburn, Lancs; Lieutenant-Commander (E) John Duncan Hamilton, R.N., son of the late Engineer Rear-Admiral John Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, of Sandhurst, and Isobel Betty, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. L. J. A. G. Four Oaks, Warwickshire; Lieutenant B. C. Durant, Royal Navy, only son of the late Francis Durant and of Mrs. Durant, of Garrick's Lodge, Hampton, and Pamela, younger daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. William Seymour, Morpet Mansions, S.W.1; Mr. W. B. Dean, eldest son of Basil Dean, of Little Easton Manor, Dunmow, Essex, and of Mrs. Eugene Bagger, and Thalia Mary Shaw, second daughter of Lord and Lady Craig-myle, of Fairlie House,



Hay Wrightson

MISS PAMELA FISHER

The only daughter of the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher, K.B.E., R.N. and Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, who is engaged to Mr. M. McKenzie, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. K. E. McKenzie, of Jersey

Warwickshire, and Lady Throckmorton; Mr. H. T. Brassey, The Royal Scots Greys, son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey, of Dauntsey Park, Chippenham, Wilts, and Joyce Patricia, daughter of Captain Maurice Kingscote, of Callingwood Hall, Burton on Trent, and Mrs. V. O. Kingscote, of Pinkney Court, Malmesbury, Wilts; Mr. L. J. Graham-Clarke, Cold-

near Gala-shiels, Scotland; Captain G. D. Garforth Bles, Queen Victoria's Own Guides Cavalry, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Garforth-Bles, Falkland House, W.8. and Susan Muir Mackenzie, daughter of the late Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, Puisne Judge of the High Court of Tanganyika, and the late Mrs. Rees-Millington; Mr. G. Bellman, son of Sir Harold and Lady Bellman, and Miss Mary Watson



MRS. ANTHONY SYKES

Who was formerly Miss Joan Gower, the only daughter of Sir Patrick Gower. Her marriage to Mr. A. E. Sykes, the third son of Mr. R. J. Sykes, took place yesterday at Christchurch, Westminster



LES 5 PARFUMS

LES NOUVEAUX ROUGES A LÈVRES
ASSORTIS AUX POUDRES NOUVELLES



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The Cyclax tradition of loveliness has built up a system of Beauty Treatment that is something more than "make-up" - Protecting and nourishing your skin, it keeps it fresh and young: subtly emphasising your beauty, and giving you infinite personal charm.



SPECIAL LOTION. Draws all impurities from the pores, leaving the skin radiantly clear, and free from blemishes. Prices: 5/6 to 74/-.

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CLEANSING LOTION. Easily and effectively removes every trace of make-up. Prices: 4/- to 54/-.

SKIN FOOD. Nourishes and stimulates the skin, keeping the tissues firm, and the contour youthful. In four gradations according to type of skin. Prices 4/- to 42/-.

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Cyclax
OF LONDON

The Highway of **FASHION**

By M. E. Brooke

at the
SIGN
OF
The
Orange
Blossom

Here comes the bride, wearing a lovely dress created by Harrods, Knightsbridge, in which yards and yards of snow-white satin are present. The Princess corsage merges into a graceful flowing skirt, with a deep flounce which greatly increases its charm. The voluminous veil is enriched with embroidery, while orange blossoms play an important role in the head-dress and bouquet



Picture by Blake



THE crinoline "fluttered," as it were, across fashion's path and soon passed away, leaving in its wake full skirts and the new "petticoat" hem of lace. The low back is retained, but more often than not there are soft draperies over the shoulders. It is at Debenhams and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, that the evening dress portrayed on this page may be seen. It is carried out in a soft satin with deep flounces. Incredible as it may seem, this has a decidedly slimming effect. The wide scalloped shoulder straps cross over in front emphasizing the new built-up silhouette.

THE palest shell-pink satin has been used by Fenwick's, 63 New Bond Street, for the model worn by the seated figure on the right. The lower portion of the skirt is misted with cobwebby black lace. So fine is it that in the distance the shade suggested is elephant's breath. The fichu of the same lace is lightly draped over the shoulders. Now, regarding the corsage, it is of the moyen age character and is built up to emphasize the slender waist and hips. In these salons are likewise to be seen many versions of the "hooded" dinner dress as well as little tailored affairs.

ASSEMBLED in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are some very lovely Court and Wedding gowns. It is an evening dress for important dances and dinners which has been chosen for pictorial expression on the facing page. Of white satin veiled with lace, the Victorian off-the-shoulder neckline is accentuated with a slightly gathered "bertha," finished with narrow velvet ribbon. As will be seen, the skirt is full, enriched with a posy of flowers to match those on the fan. Here also may be seen versions of the petticoat dress caught up at one side.





HIGHLY decorative are the hats portayed on this page. March 1 and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have the two models above. The one on the left is of Doulton blue ped straw, trimmed with ostrich tips of cyclamen pink. The other is straw, with white daisies

VERY representative are the hats portayed on this page. March 1 and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have the two models above. The one on the left is of Doulton blue ped straw, trimmed with ostrich tips of cyclamen pink. The other is straw, with white daisies

Pictures by Blake



THE time-honoured homburg has been revived with a difference. It is narrower; the brim at the sides has a graceful roll, while a shaded quill pierces the crown. It is made of felt on which rain has no deleterious effect. These models sit well down on the head and are as light in weight as the proverbial feather

HENRY HEATH, 172, New Bond Street, has demonstrated the charm of a shady felt hat in the model below. All monotony is banished by the simuli gold ornament. The hat on the right of this page is likewise sponsored by this firm. It is of black felt, strapped with patent leather and reinforced with a becoming veil



THE colour schemes and the angles at which hats may be worn are well-nigh unlimited. There is the flat straw pancake the size of a dinner plate, stitched tulle emphasizing where the raised crown should be. It must be tip-tilted on to the nose. The bonnet appears at the back of the head, with flowers under the brim

TURNING from generalities to details, the hat and bonnet on the left have been contributed by Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. The hat, which is worn well down over the eyes, is of straw trimmed with a very soft feathered bird and a veil. Quite the newest version of the bonnet is shown, of felt and pale pink flowers





THE term "tailored suit" is no longer confined to the plain coat and skirt but covers a very wide area, as will be seen from the illustrations on this page. To Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, must be given the credit of the ensemble above. The dress is of a new material, with cut steel buttons down the front, while the coat is composed of quilted Velasquez rouleaux, generously trimmed with silver fox. The straw hat has a cluster of feather spikes alighting on the crown, the scheme being completed with a flattering veil. Here are likewise to be seen ensembles with dresses of printed fabrics accompanied by long coats caught with single fastenings

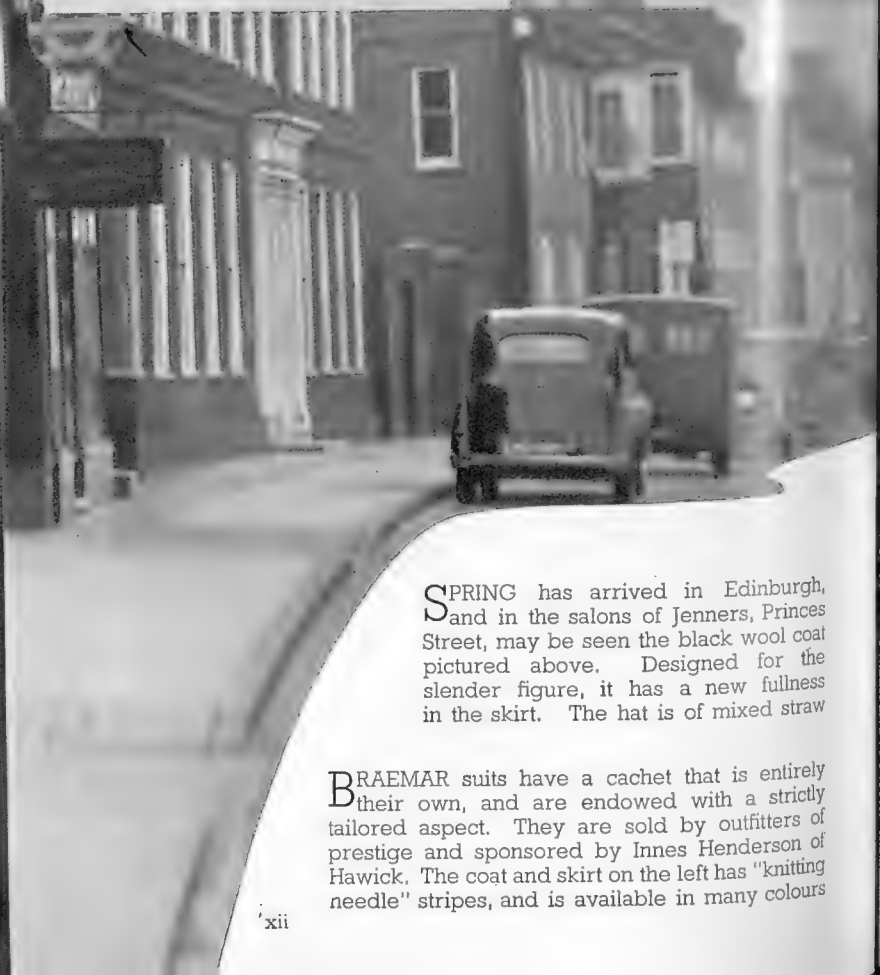
THERE are many who are "wedded" to the ensemble consisting of long coat and dress, which in the early spring may or may not form a background for furs. It is in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor of Jay's, Regent Street, that the suit shown on the right may be seen. It is a study in primrose leaf and flower shades. The dress, of soft Vicuna, has short sleeves, touches of raised embroidery and a neat belt. Important features of the coat, which opens down the front to show the frock, are the square shoulders and modified bell sleeves. The hat, a new version of the homburg, is of felt, a suede motif being introduced on the right side





THE quality of the materials used for coats and skirts has never been higher, the tailoring, cut and workmanship never more perfect or the lines more flattering. Bradleys, Chepstow Place, have beaten their own high record in this respect. This was the consensus of opinion of their guests at their dress parade last week. They designed and carried out the coat and skirt portrayed on the top of the page on the right. The suit shown above is carried out in plain and striped Saxony suiting. The upper portion of the skirt is seamed, the lower pleated. The coat is double-breasted and piped to harmonize with the skirt, with pockets to match

A COAT which is cut on tailored lines has a slimming effect. This fact has long been recognized by Corringes, in the Buckingham Palace Road. Much to be desired is the model on the left of this page, carried out in sand-coloured fine bouclé georgette. In the same fabric is the modified Swiss peasant belt. Flattering pleats are introduced above and below. Then an ingenious note is struck by the trimming of fox with the masks facing upwards. No one must leave these salons until they have seen the collection of furs, including the handsome coats and wraplets, the latter so decorative for the early spring and quite light in weight



SPRING has arrived in Edinburgh, and in the salons of Jenners, Princes Street, may be seen the black wool coat pictured above. Designed for the slender figure, it has a new fullness in the skirt. The hat is of mixed straw

BRAEMAR suits have a cachet that is entirely their own, and are endowed with a strictly tailored aspect. They are sold by outfitters of prestige and sponsored by Innes Henderson of Hawick. The coat and skirt on the left has "knitting needle" stripes, and is available in many colours

LET'S BE PRACTICAL

Every intelligent woman knows how necessary it is to look her *loveliest always*. And there is no lack, nowadays of beauty-aids to help her towards this ideal. The problem is rather to select wisely from all those products which are available. There are so many treatments and products to choose from, that the number of bottles and jars a woman tends to collect is both a burden to her dressing-table and a considerable cost! to herself. An interesting booklet entitled "The Yardley Way to Beauty" is issued by Yardley & Co. The Yardley experts contend that complicated beauty rituals in the cultivation of beauty is outdated and absolutely unnecessary. They claim that their Beauty Treatment, based on a scientific knowledge of the

of the skin, fulfils every ideal condition: "the method is a *simple one*, the preparations are *perfect in themselves*, surprisingly *few in number*, *inexpensive*, and delightfully *easy and attractive to use*."

The treatment is based on these fundamentals: Cleansing, Toning, and Nourishing and six basic preparations were composed and selected after a period of experiment at the Yardley Beauty Salons. These preparations are of the absolute purity and scientific certainty one would expect from a house of their standing. Yardley have a vast treasury of experience in the service of beauty and a unique reputation for absolute integrity and the well-known Yardley Beauty Expert



A copy of the booklet "The Yardley Way to Beauty" can be obtained post free on request from Yardley & Co., 33, Old Bond Street. (In writing please mention the "Tatler".)

Miss Mary Foster, is an authority on the simplest way to accomplish the most perfect results in the sphere of beauty.

The booklet itself is a most interesting production. It really does give you the fullest details of the Yardley Beauty Treatment, not only explaining with perfect clarity the exact contribution of each constituent to the treatment as a whole, but also detailing the function of each separate cream and lotion in a fascinatingly interesting manner, so that, after reading it, you really feel as if you had been initiated into the innermost secrets of a West End Beauty Salon and shown how to carry out a fully equipped Beauty Treatment in the comfort of your home and at a very small cost—which is, in fact, just what the Yardley people claim for their Home Beauty Treatment.

At the end of the booklet are inserted gay coloured charts showing you exactly what massage movements are necessary—they are original and most valuable assets to the booklet and the small reproductions of them in this column should make you eager to benefit from the Yardley Way to Beauty.

The Truth
about Beauty



The Yardley Way to Beauty is founded on these fundamental preparations—Liquefying Cleansing Cream, Complexion Milk, Skin Food, Toning Lotion [or Astringent Skin Tonic], Foundation Cream, English Complexion Powder. In Beauty Box complete, 1 gu., or separately, 3/6.

You cannot know how fresh and fair your complexion can be until you have completely removed the grime and waste matter that clog the pores of the skin. The Yardley Liquefying Cleansing Cream is the most efficient preparation ever devised for this purpose. If your skin is very dry, use Yardley Complexion Milk for your morning-dew face bath. Exquisitely refreshing, whitening and softening. Use it too, for your hands and arms—the perfect daytime cleanser.

Write for "The Yardley Way to Beauty." Post free on request

Yardley

BEAUTY TREATMENT SALONS 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON, W.1

SIGN
OF
The Travellers' Arms



"THE smartest fashions are the simplest," is universally acknowledged, especially when they are destined for travel. The impression of the clothes at Selfridge's, Oxford Street, is that they just respond to this need. They are practical, and there is an exacting attention to detail that makes a direct appeal to women who have a reputation to maintain for being well-dressed. Illustrated on this page there is a desirable ensemble. The coat is of pastel-green Scotch tweed, showing the new swing back. The dress is of a new shrimp material, the waistcoat of suède with knitted back and sleeves

AMONG the many important accessories that the traveller needs, no matter whether it is by air, sea or land, is luggage, and it should come from Revelation, 170 Piccadilly. Of course it is also available at stores of prestige. Illustrated on this page is a suite carried out in raw-hide. There is a shoe-box, hat-box, Rev-robe and Revelation suitcase. Of the last mentioned there are over fifty models to choose from. In the Rev-robe, hardly larger than a hat-box, twelve dresses can be folded and packed on hangers in three minutes. There is no creasing at all and no tissue paper is needed





He sent a letter to his love . . . because he thought her lovely . . .
 She had the neatest waist . . . the gayest poise . . . and a lovely
 sense of fun. And as for all these new styles and these romantic
 hair-do's and the rustling skirts and the flowing trains, she finds
 them easy to manage. For a wisp of a Berlei—a little light-hearted
 fragment of lace and net, and a ribbon or two, has done
 its clever work. Lifted a bust to a charming line, curved her
 figure where fashion requires, tidied away the troublesome inches
 . . . and left her free. Free to dance the clock round

*Easily the Loveliest, the Lightest
 and the Cleverest*

Berlei
 FOUNDATIONS

Model 40049. Faggoted . . . flexible . . . fluid . . . clinging. Elastic
 Satin and Silk elastic net. Seven bust sizes, 32" to 38" only 55/-

Send us a postcard or ask the corsetiere at any good store for a free copy of our new book 'Romance Has Come to Stay'
 BERLEI (UK.) LTD., INFORMATION DEPT, 203a REGENT ST, LONDON, W.1 (Wholesale only)

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



BORZOIS

Property of Mrs. Staples Smith

Lady Burton presided and in an excellent speech begged members to work for their association, the oldest and largest association of women dog owners in the world. The association has shown its strength in standing up to the bad times we are going through. A hearty vote of thanks was given to Lady Burton for her hard work during the past year. At the subsequent committee meeting she was re-elected chairman, and Mrs. Nagle vice-chairman, also chairman of the Show committee.

Our Open Show takes place at Olympia on March 14. The "group" judging takes place in the afternoon, also the obedience classes, which are always amusing. The Show promises to be a good one and worth going to see. Olympia is easy to reach and comfortable when you get there.

The Borzoi is one of the handsomest of dogs. Luckily a few specimens were rescued from the storm which swept over Russia and overwhelmed so much that was beautiful and picturesque. Though his occupation, that of hunting wolves, has gone, at least in this country, he still has

Our Annual General Meeting went off well, there were a lot of members present. The balance sheet was passed. Every one was pleased to hear of Lady Faudel-Phillips's improved health, and she was unanimously re-elected treasurer, where her advice is of so much value to the association. Mrs. Pye was also unanimously re-elected secretary. There was an election of delegates to the K.C. Council of Representatives in the place of the late Lady Kathleen Pilkington. The association is lucky in having Miss Reoch, who consented to fill this post. There are four new members of the committee: the Hon. Mrs. Ionides, the Hon. Mrs. Berry, Miss Dixon and Miss Hartley.

kept a place as a beautiful and charming companion. Mrs. Staples Smith has a well-known kennel of Borzois, and sends a group of some of them. She has lately been moving and has had no time to show. Now she has settled in Wiltshire she hopes to attend more shows. She has some lovely young stock coming on, and a few really good puppies, Borzois and Miniature Dachshunds for sale.

One of the foremost kennels of Keeshonds is that owned by Mrs. Gatacre. Mrs. Gatacre's home is in Holland and as she has always been interested in Keeshonds she has had every opportunity to become acquainted with the breed. The "Guelder" Kennel is well known and has bred many winners. She sends a photograph of three promising well-grown six months' old puppies.



PEKINESE

Property of Miss Heuston

There are always well-bred puppies and adults for sale. Mrs. Gatacre has lately brought out a book on the Keeshond. This book is of the greatest interest, as it deals with the development of the breed from the earliest days. There are full instructions on breeding, kennels, etc., also an account of Keeshonds both here and in America. It is profusely and very well illustrated and is altogether well worth reading, even to people who are not specially interested in Keeshonds.

It was a great pleasure to hear of Miss Heuston again. She has given up showing, at any rate for the present, but still maintains her kennels, which obviously are as good as ever from the photograph she sends of one of her youngsters. Miss Heuston has kept Pekinese for a number of years and has bred some good ones. She unfortunately could not go to Cruft's owing to an attack of flu, and was much missed.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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From the Shires and Provinces—(Contd. from page 422)

From the Heythrop—(continued).

previous Friday, his lordship had to abandon the contest, as he found himself unable to put his back into it. As it is almost an unwritten law for Adlestrop Hill foxes to run round in circles, it surprised a great many when a fox went away to Oddington Ashes, and those left behind were like people waiting for an Inner Circle train which had inadvertently gone to Hammersmith. This good hunt ended at Quarwood by the fox going down the drain, which looked as difficult a feat as the converse theory of going up the spout. We understand that eventually, after running in the direction of Birmingham, darkness compelled hounds to return to kennels owing to having no tail lights. Still recognizing our time-honoured custom, we met at Deddington on Pancake Day instead of Ash Wednesday, when a cap was taken for the R.A.B.I., which, of course, has no connexion with the Jewish Refugee Fund. One of our visitors just failed to do the hat trick, although from the appearance of his topper (lock and stock but not barrel) he had certainly succeeded. On Friday we were at Moreton-in-Marsh, when another cap was taken for the R.A.B.I. We can't help thinking that the final total might be larger if a cap was taken on each of the four hunting days instead of on two only. It was a lovely sunny day after a sharp frost, and there was a feeling of real spring in the air as we sprang over the walls. The gentleman in the blue shirt may or may not have been a tipster for the Grand National, but in this part of our mountainous country Red Hillman is the topical tip.

From the Warwickshire.

The Brigade of Guards cross-country race over our Saturday country was a very great success, so we, and all those who rode in it, seemed to think, as also did the very ornamental following they brought with them. The organization and arrangements were such as one expects from any enterprise undertaken in peace or war by H.M.'s Household Troops, and Reggie and Dermot between them had thought of everything to make all things easy. The line from Pillerton to Radway under the Edgehills was a lovely one, and the going and the weather as good as any one could hope for, and, to make it better still, a real good day's hunting followed, though the Kineton Brook took an unusually heavy toll of our visitors, and it was a great relief when the dauntless lady from Compton Verney came to the surface again. The blot on the day was Dick Samuel getting badly kicked, as, with John Lakin

in the U.S.A., it is more than ever hard to get on without him. After about the wildest night of the winter one went to Shuckburgh feeling that no foxes would be above ground, but, unfailing as ever, there were plenty and a leash paid the penalty through what was never a good scenting day. How we all wished there were better news of Gerald and that we could have had a sight of him—truly one of the "corner stones" of this Hunt, though many seasons since last he rode with us. A welcome of the warmest to Fred Freake, having a look at us once more.

From the York and Ainsty.

Tuesday (February 21) found the South Pack at Acomb Green, and at last one could really ride about the country without getting hock-deep in the plough. It was a somewhat local day without a great deal of scent, consisting of (1) a slow hunt from Askham Bogs through the Strips to Askham Whin, where they lost him; (2) another ditto from the Bogs over the Tadcaster road nearly to Colton Hagg and back via Askham Bryan to the Bogs; and finally (3) a faster hunt from close to Grange Wood, round via the White House and Rufforth to Acomb Grange, past the Wild West to Askham Park Strips where he defeated them. Not a very exciting day, but various younger followers tried to make it brighter by slipping in some extra jumping whenever an attractive-looking obstacle presented itself. Only about twenty people turned up at Strensall on Thursday, and it turned out a most disappointing day, with Lilling Green, Oak Wood, etc., blank, and no scent with the fox from the Low Carr; a very heavy storm of rain about two o'clock didn't improve matters. The Northerners for some reason didn't hunt on this day because of the Ripon selection: let's hope that Christopher and his opponent appreciated this gesture. We wonder if they remember Mr. Jorrocks's dictum, "Was a M.P. compared with a M.F.H.?"

Both packs were out on Saturday (February 25). The South had a "good hound hunt" (the polite term nowadays for a slow hunt) of fifty minutes from Harlthorpe by Foggathorpe Grange over the railway to Willitof and on to Gunby, followed by another from Brighton Common which led us across the Intake Ditch, where several horses were taken in and weren't got out for some time. However, there was any amount of galloping and jumping, and it could be written down as a good day. The Northerners' meeting at Hildeshaite had a nice—if twisty—morning hunt of an hour, ending the Nidd twice, followed by a very fast twenty minutes from Gormires in the afternoon.

(Continued on page xx)

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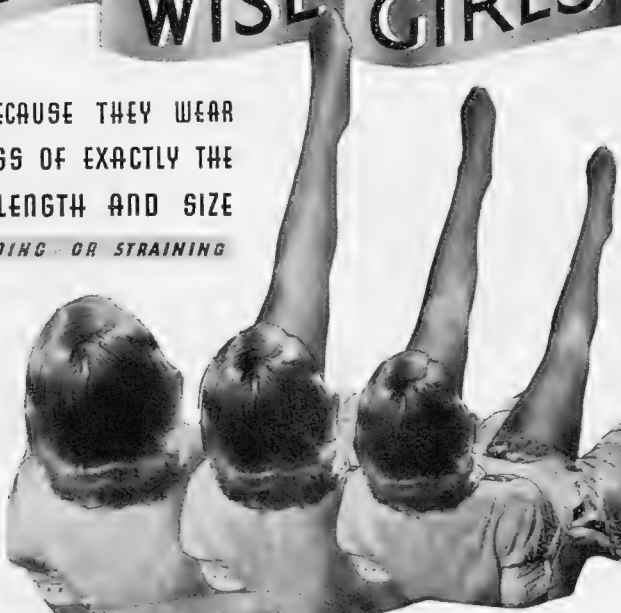
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From the Shires and Provinces—(Cont. from page xviii)

From the Pytchley.

There was not a large crowd out on Monday to meet hounds at Broughton, but a very busy day followed with a five-mile point over some not particularly pleasant country. A wet day for South Kilworth on Wednesday, but two enjoyable hunts were made out into Mr. Fernie's country near Gilmorton. Poor May had her horse kicked badly, she has been going so well this season. A brilliant little girl on a pony was showing a lot of people the way over those large fences.

Friday could not have been more fun, the visitor from Woodland Pytchley enjoying herself. Hounds were on the move all day between Brington, Weedon and Brockhall. A Creton meet is always very popular, and Captain Drummond, of course, had a fox in his covert. There was little of great interest in the morning's work around Cottesbrooke and Hazelbeech, but a grand hunt from the Privets took place late in the afternoon with a screaming scent, and in full cry hounds hunted their fox up to Naseby. Nice to see Doreen Lowther out. Our famous artist follower had a nasty fall, and who was the gentleman who jumped those two gates?

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

The weather has been much kinder, and in consequence sport has been good and we have had a lot of fun. Master was hunting hounds on Tuesday at Willesley and we had a capital gallop over the walls to ground at Kingscote in the Berkeley country. Wednesday was the famous Swallets Gate meet, when the going was decidedly sticky, but we had a useful day's sport, whilst Thursday was devoted to exercising the Lower Woods foxes. On Friday, from Doynton, we were kept busy in the Sodbury Vale all day, and Saturday an enormous field met us at the Kennels, a really first-class day's sport following, and the Lady's Wood country came in for it again and caused quite a lot of grief. We are delighted to hear our staff remains the same for another year, they have certainly put up a first-class show.

From the Grafton.

The meet on Monday was at Stowe Nine Churches, and what a crowd! And a fair to good medium day to follow. I have never seen such a day for falls, but luckily no serious ones. The ground was icy on Friday, though with bright sunshine when hounds met at Braden Cross Roads after a sharp frost. They drew Kingsthorpe blank, also

the Osiers and Tiles Copse. They were some time in Plumpton before getting away on a nice line to Maidford and Lewell Woods and back again to ground near Adstone. Weedon Bushes was the next draw and they found almost at once a running. Just short of Allithorne they crossed the roads and ran to the outskirts of Weston towards Gommeler's Holt, but finally lost their fox close to Lois Weedon.

Meynell Musings.

On Monday at Longford in bright sunshine we had a most enjoyable day's sport, the first hunt of fifty minutes being at racing pace, whilst the lucky ones who had two horses had another capital hunt in the evening. Jack Lee was hunting hounds on Thursday at Repton, and a useful day's sport followed. We are glad to hear that the rumour about this bit of the country being given up is incorrect. On Saturday, at Hoar Cross, when Colonel and Lady Dorothy Meynell entertained a large field, sport was good and a very fast afternoon hunt finished the day. Seldom has there been a better hunt than followed from the meet at "Shoulder of Mutton," Osmaston, where the late Huntsman Len Harrison is landlord and every one was delighted to see him out hunting again. Hounds crossed the River Dove twice, and several got a drenching. They killed their fox in the High Peak country after making a seven-mile point. The Ycomanry Ball at Derby was well attended and a great success, and every one was pleased to welcome the new Brigadier, Evelyn Fanshawe, and his charming wife.

From the South Cheshire.

In the absence of our usual correspondent we have been sent the following information:

Very many thanks to Harold and Marjory for providing the Hunt Ball-ites with every conceivable kind of antidote. This put us all in good heart to enjoy perhaps the best day we have had this year. A nice four-mile point from Pages Wood to Ashbrook ensued, quite fast enough in the holding Wittenhall clay. Calveley New Gorse was bristling with foxes, but we had to wait for the Old Gorse to provide a straight 'un, which just managed to beat our Ralph by a very short head to the Home Park wall—this obstacle proved too much for both.

Incidentally, we are all very glad to hear that W.H.M. is getting along well now. Tuesday at Marbury was uninspiring. We wish, however, that the highwayman who was deposited into a thorn fence would belabour his own chestnut horse next time. Last Saturday we had an enjoyable lawn meet at Arderne. A fox from Ox Pastures made a good straight five-mile point to the hills.

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Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 445)

The German Press was not even then in the Field-Marshal's mind. It was the English and French Press of which he was thinking. Of course, on the other hand, the Press has been used to spread incorrect information, and even in the confiding British Isles the laugh has been against the spy upon, shall we say, hundreds of occasions? We may not always be quite such hay-seeds and hill-billies as we want people to think that we are. It is very tough on the spy when we put a fast one over on him, because his masters get so cross with him—and they never employ him again. Editors have a bad enough time in all conscience, but the spy an infinitely worse one. Editors rarely get shot: spies quite frequently, either by the other side—or their own.

For future guidance of anyone contemplating the concoction of a film dealing with Frontier scrapping in India, I offer these few suggestions: (1) There is no tribe on the N.W.F. called the Thugs ("h" silent); (2) there are no golden temples in those red-hot, brown and dusty mountains—the people are Mohammedans and prefer mosques; (3) no frontier Khan has any large cavalry force and very little in the way of field artillery; (4) Kipling's facts in *Gunga Din* are pretty near the truth, and similar incidents have happened quite often. There is not much pantomime stuff to be found in actual fact—and no melodrama

The journal of the Arab Horse Society, which has just been sent me by its very able Editor, Brigadier W. H. Anderson, who at other moments is the excellent polo manager



AN EGLINTON GROUP

Sir Charles McAndrew, the Member for Bute; Mrs. Agnew, at whose house Broadmeadow hounds met the day this picture was taken, and Captain J. G. O. Thomson, who is joint-Master with his wife

Hugh Thomson

at Hurlingham, is, as ever, full of the most interesting matter concerning the little steed which so many of us have good cause to love and upon whose back we have spent so many happy hours in our lives. Out of the many interesting dissertations in this present annual, the one by the Editor himself I think is best worth quoting. It is headed, "The Arab and Anglo-Arab for Hunting and Hacking." I purloin the following passage which is so very true:—

"Those who contemplate using the Arab as a hunter in England are advised to follow Mr. Punch's advice on marriage, viz., 'Don't.' That there have been gallant exceptions must be admitted, but one swallow does not make a summer. The reason the Arab is not suited for hunting in this country is not that he cannot jump or stay or carry weight, but because he lacks the scope for this particular purpose. He is, moreover, unsuited by nature to cope with the heavy going which is inseparable with hunting in our climate. In a 'terrain' such as exists in Arabia, India or Africa, where he is on the top of the ground, the Arab will carry a heavy weight with safety and cleverness over the roughest ground. The late Captain Leslie Cheape, of International polo fame, when in India, rode a small blood Arab when pig-sticking and it was a revelation to see him galloping over the most ugly places which many a big horse would have refused. The writer has many pleasant recollections of hunting on Arabs with the Bombay, Poona and Peshawar Vale hunts in India."

In another part of the same article Brigadier Anderson says that it is quite erroneous to suppose that the Arab is not a good jumper. Why should he not jump well? As a rule, he is a beautifully balanced little animal and that, after all, is the thing that counts most, be it in a horse or a man. Brigadier Anderson has probably had more experience of this fascinating little horse than the next man, and so is well equipped to write about and edit this always interesting publication. The journal is beautifully turned out and equally beautifully illustrated.

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"Sergeant Muquena gets away"—(Cont. from page 458)

"Drive!" he ordered the tall Englishman. "You know the road." The engine started and the lorry moved. Skirting the square, it took the deserted road winding up towards the mountains.

Sergeant Muquena crouched in the darkness near the tailboard. He knew there was little chance of meeting anything on the roads in the empty stretches between garrisons. They had a clear run until they reached Carrenza, where they would be waiting for these fools who were covering his escape. He was thinking as they rushed through the night that taking these English with him was a master stroke.

For some time, as the car lurched and bounced over the bad roads, no one spoke. They cleared Valledimos unchallenged and turned north into the untenanted, rolling country, and as kilometre after kilometre passed safely in the quiet of the night tension eased. The huddle of men in the back of the car began to talk. They included Sergeant Muquena in their eager exchanges for he was one of them now.

"You must come back to England with us, sergeant!" the boy with an arm in a sling said. "My mother will be able to help you. She's not likely to want telling what you've done for us. . . ."

The sergeant said nothing. When they reached the bridge over the ravine just outside Carrenza, he stopped the lorry. "Wait here," he whispered to his fellow passengers, and climbing down walked round to the tall Englishman in the driver's seat. "Where is this man who will help you over the frontier?" he asked.

"Just over the bridge. There's a cottage in the forest. His name's Valdoza, and he's been a smuggler."

"How does he know who you are?"

"We have to tell him we're from Edith Cavell—that's the pass-word." The sergeant was repeating it silently to himself. "Who has the money?" he asked.

The Englishman patted his pocket. "Me. I'm in charge of the party. I'll take this lorry over the—"

Muquena had pushed his automatic into the other's stomach. "I'll take that money," he growled. "We separate here, sec? Come on—hurry!" The driver hesitated only for a moment. He saw Muquena meant business. The sergeant took the money and thrust it into his pocket. "Drive on!" he ordered. "Move!"

The Englishman obeyed, and coming out of the pitch blackness round the corner of rock began to drive over the bridge. He was half-way across before he saw the barricade that had been thrown up. His mind reacted to the situation at once. Yelling a warning to the men in the back, he pushed his boot down hard and charged into the logs and sandbags.

Dawn was breaking when Sergeant Muquena crossed the bridge himself. He walked boldly up to the corporal of the guard, showing his safe conduct. The corporal saluted him and handed back the pass. Skirting the wreckage, he passed on towards the frontier post two kilometres down the mountain road. No one saw him leave the road and slip into the forest. He found the cottage, and, knocking, gave the words, "Edith Cavell." The door opened, and as he made to enter a swift stab of fear numbed his mind. A rifle was levelled at his chest and he saw that the cottage was full of soldiers. "What is this?" an officer asked.

The sergeant's mind began to work desperately. He managed a salute, then pulled out his safe conduct. The officer glanced at it and handed it back, waving the rifle aside. "What can we do for you, sergeant?"

"These deserters," Muquena explained quickly. "I have followed from Valledimos and—"

"Too late, sergeant. They crashed through the barrier and got away again. Our search brought us here—one of them was injured and there was a trail of blood. Myself, I have suspected this old smuggler for some time. I am afraid they have crossed the frontier through the forest by now. How did you come to this cottage?"

Muquena grinned. He knew he was safe with the Italian's pass, but he had had a bad minute. "We had information, too, my captain," he said. "At headquarters we had the pass-word, 'Edith Cavell.' I was sent by my commander—"

The captain had picked up from the table a little wad of money. It must have fallen out when he handed over the safe conduct, and in the act of handing it back to him the officer froze.

"Take his pistol!" he snapped. "Search him!"

Heavy hands seized Sergeant Muquena. Someone threw the rest of the money he had taken from the English prisoners on to the table.

"We almost believed your story," he sneered at length. "But you should have been more careful with your money, my fine friend. These banknotes are marked. They were sent into the country by our spies in France to trap the organization that is working here to get foreign legionaries out of Spain." He nodded to his men. "Shortly, there will be one agent the less. Take him out."

"But wait!" screamed Sergeant Muquena. "You don't understand! This is a mistake! For God's sake—stop! I can explain!"

The officer shrugged. "There would not be time," he said. "Our orders are to shoot on sight anyone found with this money. March!"



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Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always

conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivory covers of the book mentioned.

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Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the **Facktative Co. (Suite 67)**, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains.

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THE TATLER
when replying to their announcements



EARL DE LA WARR AND MME. EDOUARD BOURDET AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE OPENING

The success of the Comédie Française season at the Savoy was a foregone conclusion, and the only criticism that can possibly be made is that it was all too short, seven performances only. On the opening night two plays were given, Molière's *L'École des Maris* and Alfred de Musset's *Le Chandelier*. The acting was both smooth and polished, as only our neighbours across the Channel know how. Three outstanding performances of the evening were Madeleine Renaud, M. Lafon and Lise Delamare. The Lord Chancellor, Lord



H.E. THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AND THE COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH WERE PRESENT

Below:
THE EARL OF OXFORD AND MISS CLARISSA CHURCHILL ARRIVED TOGETHER



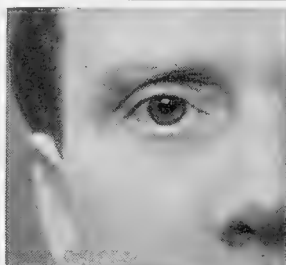
Maugham, was representing the Prime Minister and had in his party Lord de la Warr, who was photographed with Mme. Edouard Bourdet. H.E. The French Ambassador was seen chatting to Lady Bessborough in the interval, and it is her husband who is sponsoring the company's London season. The young Earl of Oxford and Miss Clarissa Churchill, who is a niece of Mr. Winston Churchill, were two others who were noticed.



Absolutely unretouched photographs of the same eyes before and after treatment. Published with the client's permission

EYES

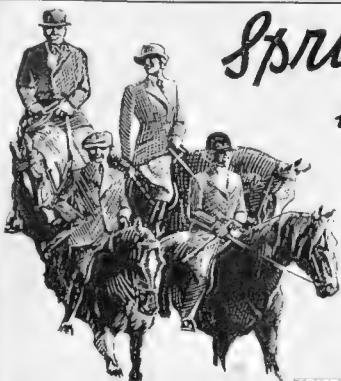
set in loose, wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune and ill-



health. This imperfection of the skin destroys the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. The Hystogen method corrects painlessly and permanently all facial imperfections, and saves the face from premature decay; it removes and corrects facial blemishes, whether congenital or the result of age, delicate health or accident. The Hystogen method is a triumph of art and science. It is the only scientific and genuine method to improve the face, approved by the Medical Profession of the world. 10,000 men and women have already benefited by this miraculous method, without the aid of which many would have to retire from active life. Call for a free consultation or write for literature. Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. If in doubt call with your doctor.

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WARINGS

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ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, write thus: Two elderly sisters living in Sussex are battling along on the miserable income of £35 per annum between them. They are gentlewomen and having been brought up in comfortable circumstances, now find themselves in their declining years not only without comforts to which they have been used, but also without any necessities. Do please help us to give these two sad ladies 5s. a week; £13 is needed.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week that successful play *Spring Meeting* is being presented with the entire company and production from the Ambassadors Theatre. Next week, commencing March 13, *When We Are Married* will be presented with the entire company and production from the St. Martin's Theatre, and the following week *Lot's Wife*, which had such a long run in town, will be given.

At the Richmond Theatre on Monday, March 6, *The Bucket Shop*, by Margaret Ironside and Wilfred Fletcher was successfully presented. Share-pushing being, at the moment, the subject of so much interest in Parliament and out of it, a play dealing with this nefarious activity is very much a topic. *The Bucket Shop* deals with this subject well and truly, and is a most interesting piece of work. Far from being technical, it is a dramatic piece of entertainment, including as it does a murder and a suicide. The cast is a most excellent one and includes Edmund Willard, who is supported by Michel Bazalgette, Winifred Oughton, Rosamund Merivale and Howard Douglas. The play is produced by Harold Clayton and the settings and décor are by Sidney Gausden.

At the Windmill Theatre last Monday, Mr. Vivian Van Damm presented *Revueville 117*, with Hal Bryan, Edna Wood, Doris Barry, Ken Douglas, Gene Anderton and Reg. O'List, heading the cast. There is a typical Montmartre



MRS. GARNET WOLSELEY AND JOHN

Meet here the youngest member of an historic family, John Wolseley, first cousin once removed of that distinguished soldier, the late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley. Mr. Garnet Wolseley, John's father, is a well-known Chelsea artist who often illustrated the delightful gardening books of the late Lady Wolseley, daughter of the Field-Marshal. Mrs. Wolseley is the only daughter of Sir Walter Trevelyan whose Somerset home, Nettlecombe Hall, has only been connected with two names, Raleigh and Trevelyan, since the Conquest

scene called "Café Rouge"; the finale is "The Toymaker's Dream." The ballet is devised by Maisie Cryer and danced by the Windmill Girls, and the singers are Helen Crear and Donald Reid. The Revudebelles are seen in an attractive tableau, and in addition there is a dancing act by Les Marchisios. Good entertainment all through, in fact.

H.M. The Queen has graciously consented to attend an evening reception at Guildhall, on Tuesday, March 28, 1939, at 9 p.m., when an all-star musical entertainment will be given by the Oriana Madrigal Society, conducted by Miss C. Kennedy Scott. The soloists will be Miss Eva Turner and Mr. Denis Noble. During the evening there will be a short ceremony when H.M. The Queen will receive purses in aid of the Safer Motherhood Campaign (National Birthday Trust Fund). There will be a buffet supper.

Each purse-holder receives an invitation free (minimum sum to be presented, £10). The Hon. Treasurers are Colonel and Alderman Sir John Laurie, J.P., Major G. H. M. Vine.

Londoners will have a unique opportunity of viewing Mr. A. Chester Beatty's world-famous collection of Oriental manuscripts, miniatures, Korans and Biblical papyri, on Wednesday, March 8, and Thursday, March 9, when they will be exhibited at Baroda House, Kensington Palace Gardens, in aid of the Y.W.C.A. The Exhibition will include some very choice Persian and Indian manuscripts with beautiful illustrations, and experts will give short talks on the exhibits each day.

The Exhibition is under the patronage of the Chinese and Egyptian ambassadors, and others who are interested include Miss Evelyn Barlow, Sir Kenneth Clark, Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith, Sir Frederick Kenyon, Lady Leonfield, Sir Eric Maclagan, Sir Edward Mars, Sir Alec Martin, Lady Procter, who is Chairman of the Committee, Sir E. Denison Ross, who will open the Exhibition on Wednesday, Viscount Wakefield and Sir Robert Witt.



THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

"Morning, Hawkins — why, man, what's the matter with you? You're as white as a sheet."

"Nothing, Sir. Nothing. Only you gave me a bit of a start. I thought you were still in bed."

"Bed, Hawkins? On a morning like this? I've been over to the mill pool for a swim. Icy cold — very bracing — tingling all over. What are the tinsel pleasures of an effete civilisation compared with the joys of the simple life?"

"What indeed, Sir. Unfortunately, Sir, I assumed that after that party you were at last night you would not rise until late in the forenoon, and would require little, if any, breakfast. In fact, I instructed Cook to that effect."

"Hawkins, you weren't expecting that I'd have a hangover? That a man of my ripe experience could have a morning after?"

"Oh no, Sir. Not exactly a hangover, but . . ."

"Don't quibble, Hawkins. Of course you did. How were you to know that I finished up the evening with a stiff glass of Rose's Lime Juice? Rose's, most therapeutic and refreshing of beverages."

"I will order a crate of Rose's Lime Juice this very morning, Sir."

"Do so, Hawkins. And meanwhile, tell Cook to hurry with some bacon and eggs. And a sausage or two. And a kidney or tomato, or both."

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MARCH 26—36 Holes, Morning, 4-Ball Stableford; Afternoon, 2-Ball Stableford (Scr. and H'cap)

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The Branksome Tower Hotel Spring Golfing Weekend will be held at Parkstone G.C. The competition will be confined to visitors at the hotel—there is no entry fee or green fees and special prizes will be presented. In addition many other attractive entertainments are planned, including a gala dinner-dance and cabaret on Saturday and Sunday evening. Full details and entry forms can be obtained from the organizer: A. F. CARRIS, "KINGSWOOD," HENDON AVENUE, FINCHLEY, N.3. Telephone: Finchley 1479. Please write for brochure and tariff of special charges for the weekend to:—

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EVEN women who are in the best of health, as well as convalescents, consider that a breakfast wrapper is a necessity and not a luxury, especially when it is decorative and flattering, as those in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, most assuredly are. To them must be given the credit of the one portrayed. As will be seen, it has long sleeves, a neat collar and cravat bow. Notwithstanding all these advantages, the price is only 25s. 9d. Of course there are others, trimmed with swansdown and marabout. There are quilted affairs, some with scroll designs and others in rouleau form. Spring fashions in housecoats are well represented. There are fabrics that look like prints, with Indian and Chinese designs. The sliding fastening down the front is well-nigh ubiquitous. Those of suede velvet are 8½ guineas, and there are others in corduroy for 39s. 6d. These alone are well worth a visit to view.

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IT is many years since women have desired a "slim" waistline. Today it is essential, and so is the brassière which is innocent of shoulder straps. Warmly to be congratulated are "Caprice" on their Bra "Corsage." Among its manifold advantages are that: (1) it achieves nature's perfectly proportioned bust; (2) it gives faultless form and natural youthful uplift; (3) it is innocent of shoulder straps; (4) it is supported by the lightest of whalebones, giving splendid control; (5) it accentuates the fashionable narrow waistline. Should it be found necessary to tighten the waist further there is the "Reminiscent" belt, which has been called the "Waist's good companion." The good work it performs cannot be over-estimated. It is a simple matter to convert a rather unattractive figure into a perfectly poised, graceful and fashionable one with the aid of the Caprice trio, the step-in belt, which cares for the abdomen, the Bra Corsage, with no shoulder straps, which protects the bust, and the "Reminiscent," the waist's good companion. These all-important foundation garments are sold

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salute to spring . . . from corot

● (at right) gallant stripes are top-liners—but this two-piece frock breaks new ground since it's made of printed lace! there's lots of movement in the swing-pleated skirt with reverse insets. **8½ gns**

● (below) crisp colour contrast is a good spring theme. achieve it by combining a hyacinth blue jacket in shining ottoman with a black lainage dress whose flared and pleated skirt gives youth your step. **11½ gns**



● (above) grandfather's blazer perhaps wasn't so subtly coloured, but the striped jacket of this man-tailored suit has borrowed its high revers and button fastening from the "good old days." the flared gored skirt shows the new trouser seams. **5 gns**

● there's a sparkle in the air and fresh greenness in the fields—the winds of march are blowing straight from paris and fashion has captured in the new youthful line the colour and movement of this, the most exciting of all seasons. the corot spring collection is now complete—here is the perfect answer to the urge for new clothes, new sparkle and a new outlook that spring always gives us. and, of course, corot credit facilities make this simple and convenient.

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* The 'Sta-Down-Band' Bra

The same principle as the "Sta-Up-Top" is incorporated in the "Le Gant" Bras. It prevents part of the bust escaping from the pocket and maintains that uplift line which modern style demands.

* The 'Two-Way-One Way Flatterback Control'

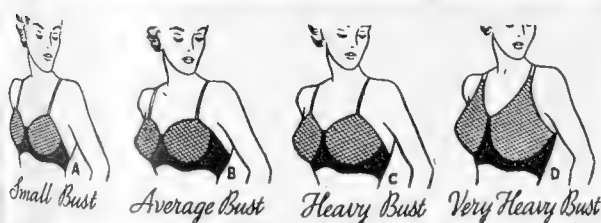
The bra is made to stretch up and down only. This allows absolute freedom to bend and stretch forward and yet maintain perfect control of the *arrière*. The sides stretch both sideways and up and down and allow you to bend sideways, to twist and turn and, by permitting these movements easily, prevent any tendency to 'ride-up'.

* The famous 'Le Gant of Youthlastic'

This is a specially woven, exclusive compliant material. It fits the body like a second skin, yielding to every movement, yet always giving support and control. However active you are "Le Gant of Youthlastic" fits the changing you.

Le Gant' fitting method is
as accurate as made-to-measure

The Alphabet Bra method takes care of four degrees of bust development for every bust measurement. (A) is for slight build; (B) for normal; (C) for the heavier than normal; (D) for the very heavy type.



Illustrated on left Y. 187
"Le Gant" "Sta-Up-Top"
girdle satin front panel,
satin "Flatterback"
lightly boned. Sizes
25 - 32 - 42 -

The bra is "Sta-Down-
Band" Alphabet 1105 B
(average fitting) obtain-
able also in A and C
fittings 27/6.

Illustrated on right
Y. 157 "Le Gant" "Sta-
Up-Top" girdle figured
satin front panel match-
ing "Flatterback" back
panel, lightning fast-
ener. Sizes 25 - 34
4 gms.

'Le Gant'

THE ULTIMATE IN FOUNDATIONS

You will find something new in Sports Clothes
in

"BLUE-ROOM"



Many new details
in this check
tweed suit

4½ gns.

**Maison
Ross Ltd**

19 GRAFTON
STREET, W.1

Jaunty wool
dress for the
young

4½ gns.



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GOOCH'S have specialised
in the making of Riding Kit
for growing boys and girls ever
since 1852, and all garments
are produced and fitted by an
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Riding Jackets - Tweeds from 21/-
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GOOCH'S of Knightsbridge

(Half-a-minute from Tattersall's)

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Portrait of a Lady

Rowland's Macassar Oil stimulates the pores
and roots ensuring a healthy scalp. The
leading Hair Tonic for over 145 years.

From chemists, stores and hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6.

ROWLAND'S
Macassar Oil

An interesting Brochure will be sent free upon application.

A. ROWLAND & SONS LTD., 22 LAYSTALL ST., ROSEBERY AVENUE, E.C.1.

The new slant on Coats

- *Soft Fitted Coat.*
Slim fitting lines distinguish the light-weight woollen coat pictured below, with its flared skirt. The seams are accentuated with fine braid embroidery. In three sizes. $6\frac{1}{2}$ Gns. Black and Navy.



- *Springs Songs.* Fox-trimmed coat, cut on plain tailored lines in fine wool bouclé. Distinction is achieved by the lavish collar of fine Silver Fox, worked in a new fluted shape. In black only. Three sizes. This coat is becoming to the full figure - - - $14\frac{1}{2}$ Gns. Outsizes 1 guinea extra.

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Colour — glamorous, exciting, brilliant — matched to the new Spring dress shades, comes to you in Outdoor Girl's lively, lovely lipsticks. And in every lipstick a base of fragrant olive oil makes lips dewy soft and moist, makes lips gleam starrily thro' their radiant colour film — makes colour come a-l-i-v-e on your lips! ★ Don't forget the famous Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder is blended to match Lipstick, Cream Rouge, and Nail Gloss shades.

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OLIVE OIL LIPSTICK 2/6, 1/-

The Liveliest Lipstick in Town

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**SPECIALITY
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or COAT**

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ANY STYLE

Every order receives individual attention, and every garment is personally cut by Mr. Smee.

The very latest materials for your Spring outfit can be found among our patterns—a wonderful variety of materials are in stock.

If not able to call, send for our Self-Measurement Form with patterns, and be satisfied as clients have been from all parts of the world.

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1st Floor



An Apron Set in a new style from Garroulds is in a white damask designed organdie with a dainty plain frilled edge.

The "Monica," cut from hard-wearing washable Matalaine an all wool Botany cloth, has a semi-flared skirt, and semi-fitting bodice on piping cord at the waist.

Apron	788	-	3'11½
Cap	502	-	1'11½
Set	250	-	2'6½

Monica Dress (Wm's sizes.) All wool Matalaine in Wine, Green, Saxe, Grey, Brown, Navy and Black - 27'6



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GARROULD
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Unsightly Hairs Removed

—New Safe Way

You simply spread a soothing balsam over your skin and remove it in a few seconds to find every disfiguring superfluous hair lifted out by the very root—and the skin left marvellously smooth and white. Nothing like this amazing new method has ever been known before. It is not electric, not a temporary "surface" remover, but a scientifically designed to end hair growth PERMANENTLY by lifting out the very hair roots until they can never grow back again. No bother, no unbearable pain, no irritation. Whole process is quick and simple—absolutely safe and harmless—almost as easily applied as cold cream.

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Write for fascinating booklet describing this remarkable treatment and how it will quickly, easily and inexpensively rid you of superfluous hair for ever! No obligation—post your application TODAY!

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A MOTTO FOR MATCHMAKERS

DORVILLE MODEL

*Stockings
must
match
both
skirt
and
shoes*



*and that's what
Aristoc do!*



THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK
STOCKINGS 3/11 TO 10/6

Everyone's matchmaking — make-up to clothes, lips to nails — and of course, stockings *must* match, too, and that's what Aristoc do! You see, the new Spring shades are blended to 'tone in' with both dress and shoe colours. For example, here are just two 'matches' to set you thinking:

SKIRT AND SHOE COLOURS	ARISTOC SHADE
<i>Red and Rose Tones Pastel Tones</i>	'APRES MIDI' 'ROSEBEIGE'

Incidentally, when you buy Aristoc you can concentrate exclusively on this shade question, for the other valuable qualities of hard wear and washability are implicit in Aristoc, long famous as the Aristocrat of silk stockings.

AN EMPIRE NOTE IN LINGERIE

*Josephine*EXCLUSIVE TO
DEBENHAM
and FREEBODY

Designed and created in our own workrooms. This delightful nightdress is in pure silk washing satin or silk ninon, with contrasting bands. In white/cherry, peach/sky, sky/mauve, primrose/hyacinth or without contrasting colours. Average sizes

39/6

Larger sizes 49/6

(Sent on approval)

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

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(Debenhams Ltd.)

*Spring is in the Air*

There are Spring flowers
in the parks, and in the
shops the new Peter

Scott Sportswear

is rejoicing the eyes of women
with its varied beauties of texture
and its rainbow regiment of colour.

LORNE. Pure Wool Jumper of decorative design obtainable in a variety of fashionable shades 21/-
Plain Skirt to match 25

*Peter Scott**Sportswear*

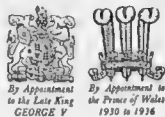
★ This and other fascinating styles are illustrated in colour in the new Sportswear Brochure. Free copy will be sent to you on application.

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. (Dept. 27) HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Tailor made SUITS for the Spring



AQUASCUTUM



Model L.T. 209.

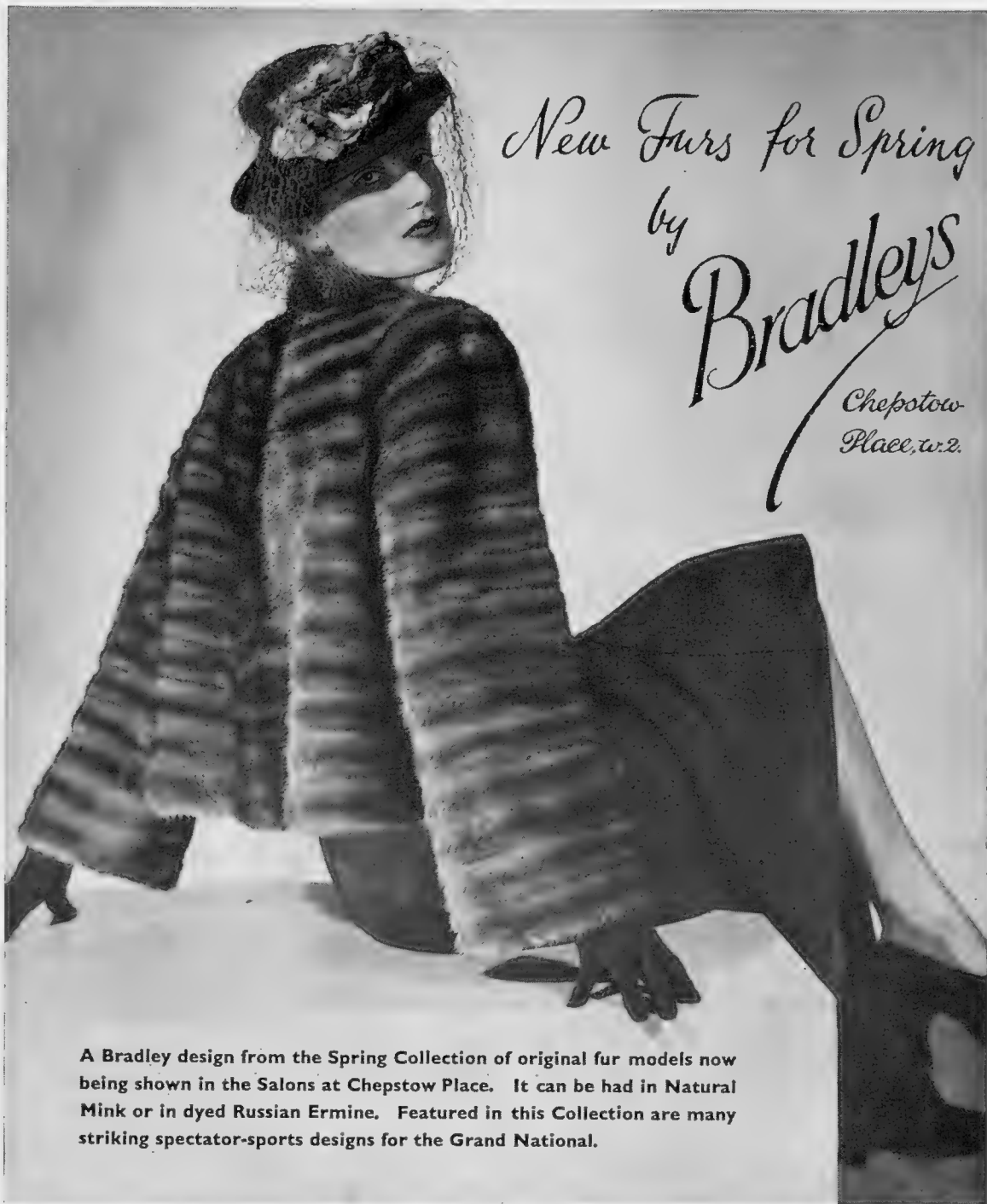
An example from our new Spring tailor-made models. Alternate Red and White stripes of daring boldness on a black ground combine with the strictly classical cut to make this an extremely smart town suit.

Ready-made or to measure 10 GNS.

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AQUASCUTUM Ltd.
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New Furs for Spring by Bradleys

Chepstow
Place, W.2.

A Bradley design from the Spring Collection of original fur models now being shown in the Salons at Chepstow Place. It can be had in Natural Mink or in dyed Russian Ermine. Featured in this Collection are many striking spectator-sports designs for the Grand National.

In tennis courts YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR

Pay a "cheap" price and you are asking for trouble . . . invest your money in a "Shorter's" Court and you invest wisely. Three types—"SHORTER'S WEATHERPROOF," universally recognised as the supreme court; and Shorter's "TRUBOUND" and "SPEEDWELL," medium-priced non-attention courts of remarkably high quality. Please send for brochures.

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A woman's personality finds convincing outlet in the clothes she chooses to wear. The asset of costume smartness she achieves by a primary discrimination in the quality of materials employed in the making; an adherence to (or anticipation of) prevailing fashion; a final choice of models that are expressions of good taste and delineation.

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NEW SPRING HATS

Two new Patou copies typical of Walpoles' new collection. Millinery catalogue free on request.

T.1. Black Tulle Hat with cluster of camelias and long veiling scarf.

Price **63/9**

T.2. New wide-fronted brim in black Baku straw with two-colour veiling smartly finished petersham ribbon.

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Walpoles

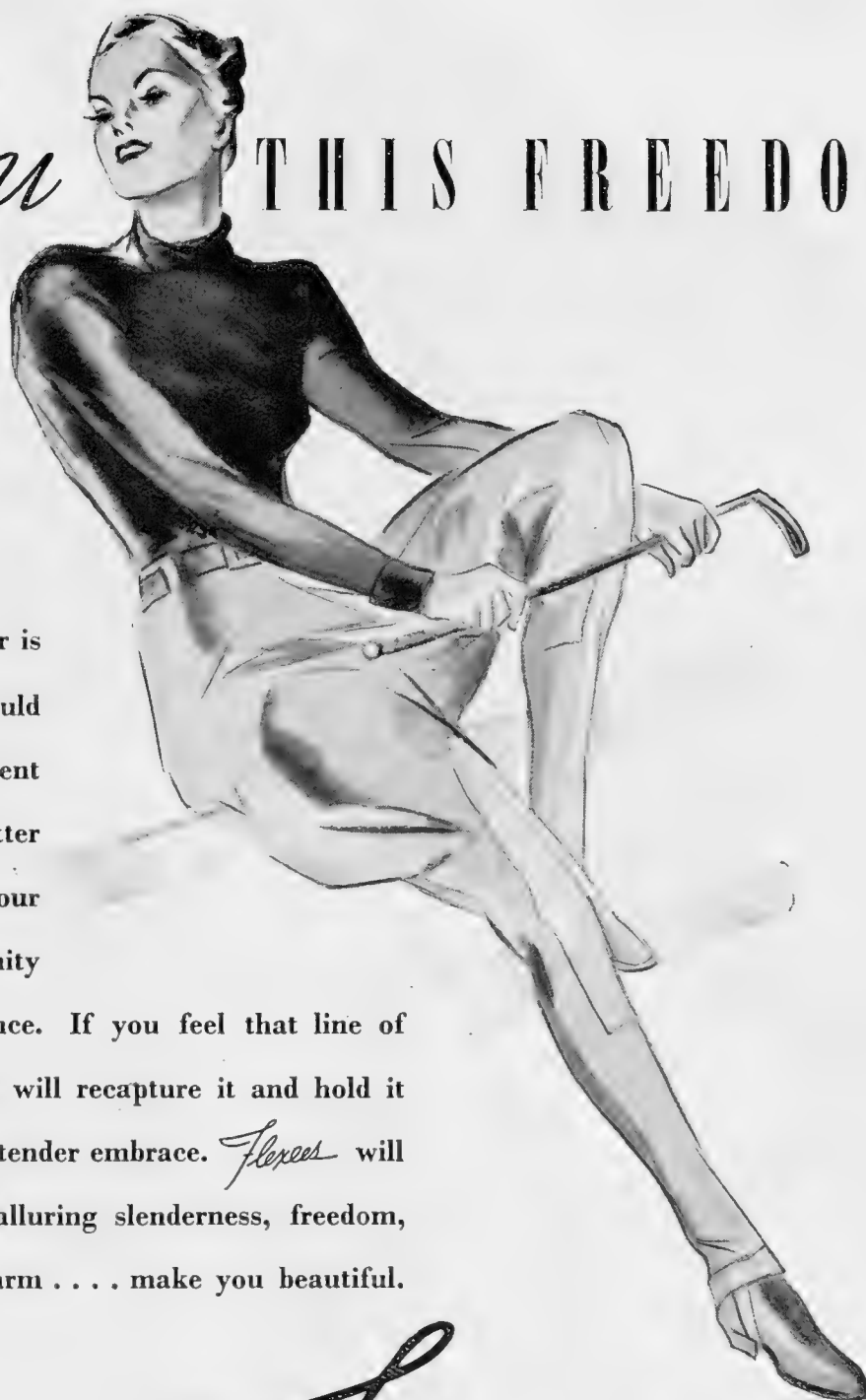
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Corselettes from 29/6 to 6 gns.

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MARCH
13-17

*Invitation
to the
Elegant Woman*
"Sensation" Fitting
Week



The first step to contour loveliness is to visit BARKERS during the "SENSATION" Fashion Corsetry fitting week on March 13 to 17. A "SENSATION" fitting expert will be in attendance with advice and suggestions . . . to illustrate to you how "SENSATION" Fashion Corsetry enables you to meet the figure fashion demands of today. A "SENSATION" figure is a perfect figure naturally. Make a note in your engagement book today: March 13 to 17 — "SENSATION" Fashion Corsetry fitting week at BARKERS.



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FASHION CORSETRY
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FOR THE

*Fuller
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Spring Comes to NETTA! Showrooms devoted exclusively to Slenderising Styles . . . Current trends skilfully adapted to be slimming, and flattering for the Fuller Figure . . . Styles planned by experts for varying proportions, making it so easy to find something that exactly meets your individual needs. Many to choose from, many sizes from 42" to 52" hips. (Most figures can be fitted from stock with minimum alteration). Also an excellent selection of Slimming Wool Frocks and Two Pieces — come today!

PLAIN AND PLAID cleverly allied in this slimming all-purpose Coat. Cut on long boxy lines, a slenderising panel runs down the back breaking into two box-pleats at the hem. Plaid faces the pockets too. Soft Bouclé Cloth. Grey, Sunstraw, Arosa Blue, Frog Green. 42" to 50" hips.

4 1/2 GNS

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NETTA (Gowns) LTD.

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(one minute from Oxford St.)

Little Miss Kayser
we'd have you know
Wears silk next-to-nothings
from top to toe.
"Stockings of sheerest silk"
says she
"And diaphanous
tailored
lingerie!"



NOT OCCASIONALLY... BUT FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Stockings by the name of Kayser are misty-looking . . . breath-weight.

From one-thread or two-thread Sansheen Chiffons up to ten-thread Service Weights, there are stockings by Kayser for every kind of occasion, from 10/6 to 4/11—and there are even Kayser Mir-O-Kleers* at 3/11.

All are elegantly fashioned and the new Kayser shades are as sophisticated as ever.



CAMI-KNICKS

As light as a whisper, and just as exciting, to partner those elegant luxuries your Kayser stockings. Alençon lace does the trimming coyly. Fit and cut are very slick. In the season's new fabrics and a selection of lovely shades.

Cami-Knickers, French Knickers and Tailored Slips from 6/11. Nightdresses from 12/11. Pure Silks, Pure Silk Satins, Crêpe-de-Chines, and Suzettes from 12/11 to 24/11

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They give you a perfect line, they're dainty as daisies, and provide an unruffled surface whatever you wear on top. Fine-fitting brassière-top with dainty lace adornments. Pantees to match if you like. The slips are cut on the bias.



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This delightful Spring ensemble—one of the exclusive Tweednit designs—is tailored in stretch-resisting knitwear. **LEADING FASHION HOUSES IN LONDON AND THE COUNTRY STOCK TWEEDNIT.**

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PEGGY SAGE'S

FORECAST

OF FINGER-TIP FASHION



FINGER-TIPS REALLY WILL BE FLAKE-PROOF

Peggy Sage's new polishes are specially blended to a new formula—and they wear *like iron*. Peggy Sage is a realist. She knows that her clients have busy fingers—fingers that ride, write, dance, play the piano, play golf . . . and the rich, glowing colours for which Peggy Sage is famous would be of little account without their amazing capacity for wear. So remember—for days and days and days Peggy Sage's polishes are flake-proof and chip-proof and peel-proof. And that's why Peggy Sage's first fashion forecast is that you'll be wearing Peggy Sage polishes all this year!

You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.

2 FINGER-TIPS FROM VINEYARD AND ROSE-GARDEN

There are two main types of finger-tip this season, says Peggy Sage—the Wine-red group led by that lovely, pressed-grape colour VINTAGE. And the 'Rose-Garden' group—led by muted, creamy REGENCY and Peggy Sage's newest shade FUCHSIA (whose loveliness is best described in the lyric line 'Red darkness from the heart of Roses!'). Peggy Sage forecasts you will try (and love) them all. Vintage with wine-reds and cyclamen tone make-up. Regency with the new pastels and Fuchsia with the new dress colours of the same name.



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behind each knee . . . reservoirs of elasticity that give obligingly and contract to avoid bagginess . . . that mean better-fitting,

freer-feeling, longer-wearing stockings . . .

that give as much comfort to knees as

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BY VAN RAALTE**

At better stores everywhere in 3 proportioned lengths and at a still better price

7/11

And you'll go on bended knees for Van Raalte Tailored Underthings, that bring you New York chic at thrifty prices.

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"because you love nice things"
TAILORED UNDERTHINGS—STYLE HOSIERY



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A Casual Coat for town and country

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CHARMEREINE 7504
(Regd)
Very nice lastex net combinaison.
Front, back, side pieces made in very
firm material. Perfect figure control.

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IN ALL BEST STORES IN ENGLAND & BRITISH EMPIRE

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Caradium

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4' size is now available for those who are **7'6"** **WARNING.**—Say NO firmly to all imitations as no substitute will give "Caradium" results. "Caradium" Shampoo Powders, finest in the world, make your hair beautiful. Price 6d. each, or 12 for 5s. GREY HAIR WILL NEVER APPEAR IF "CARADIUM" IS USED ONCE WEEKLY AS A TONIC. "CARADIUM" is obtainable from Chemists, Boots, Harrods, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Timothy White's & Taylor's Drug Stores, or direct, plain wrapper (oversens 2s. 6d. extra for postage). Caradium Regd., 38 Great Smith Street, Westminster, London.

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MONSIEUR RAYMOND has pleasure in presenting his fashion plate for the Spring which includes Mid-Mozart Coiffures and shows his own specially designed hair slide. Monsieur Raymond is constantly planning and designing new and attractive styles in hair artistry for the young and not so young

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Light as a puff of
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Lovely as only Blue
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worked on georgette,
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This young lady
wears a jumper of
softest corn yellow
jersey wool, very neat
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have it in all colours
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The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs by the genuine Electrolysis process in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way Electrolysis removes each hair and root completely without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern woman, and so simple a child could use it. Guaranteed. Complete with full instructions. £4 4s. 0d. or 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated particulars free in plain envelope.

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The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. GUARDS against CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS, and relieves PAIN immediately.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste. For small figures only, in white fine material, 19/6

White material. For drooping, heavy figures, 38/6

Loose Breasts, 32/6

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Very low back model, 63/-

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Joujou Breast Sup-
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Compare and you'll wear Styl-EEZ



Ansley 5

The shoe that gives you everything



Langdon 3

Here's a shoe that invites comparison. It gives you the high-fashion note that is flattering—unmistakable. But most important of all it gives you the magic comfort of Styl-eez exclusive features—particularly the cleverly concealed 'Flare-Fit' innersole which brings new beauty to your walk and holds your foot always in the line of grace. Styl-eez gives you five certified fittings to every size and half-size—one of them exactly yours. Priced as moderately as 29/9d.



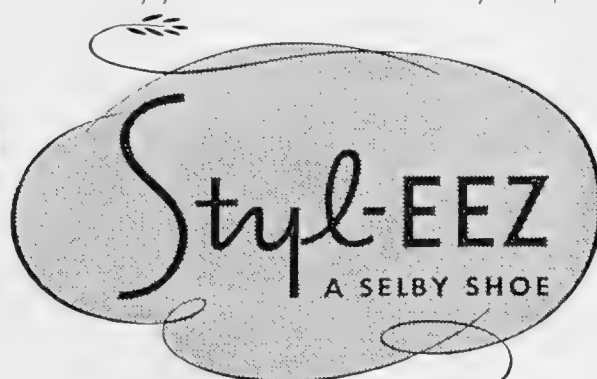
Jean 3



Le Beau 5



Sheewood 3



Write for brochure of the Full Spring and Summer Range to Sexton, Son & Everard Ltd., Styl-eez division, St. Mary's Works, Norwich.

LILLEY & SKINNER • SAXONE & SOROSIS

and other High-Class Shoe Stores.



"Quite Correct" its Petticoat Government. Here is the "Little Eva" swing line inspired by Mainbocher and expressed in smooth cloth showing gay check at neck and hem. Navy, Black with gay contrasts.
 Sizes 38" 40" 42" PRICE **6½ Gns.**

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The Gleneagles

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This attractive costume comprises Clan Tartan Kilty Skirt and diced or plain jersey with tie and diced or plain stockings to match. It is a much favoured dress for school. Prices for complete costumes:—

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2½ years	£2 5 11
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5 years	£2 9 11
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9 years	£3 1 3
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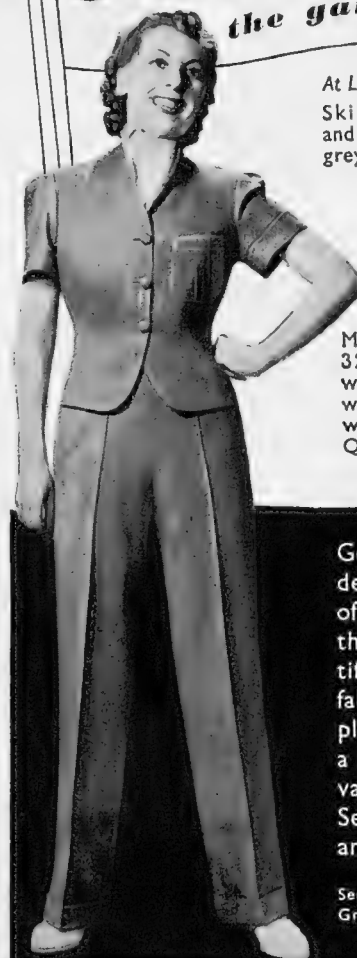
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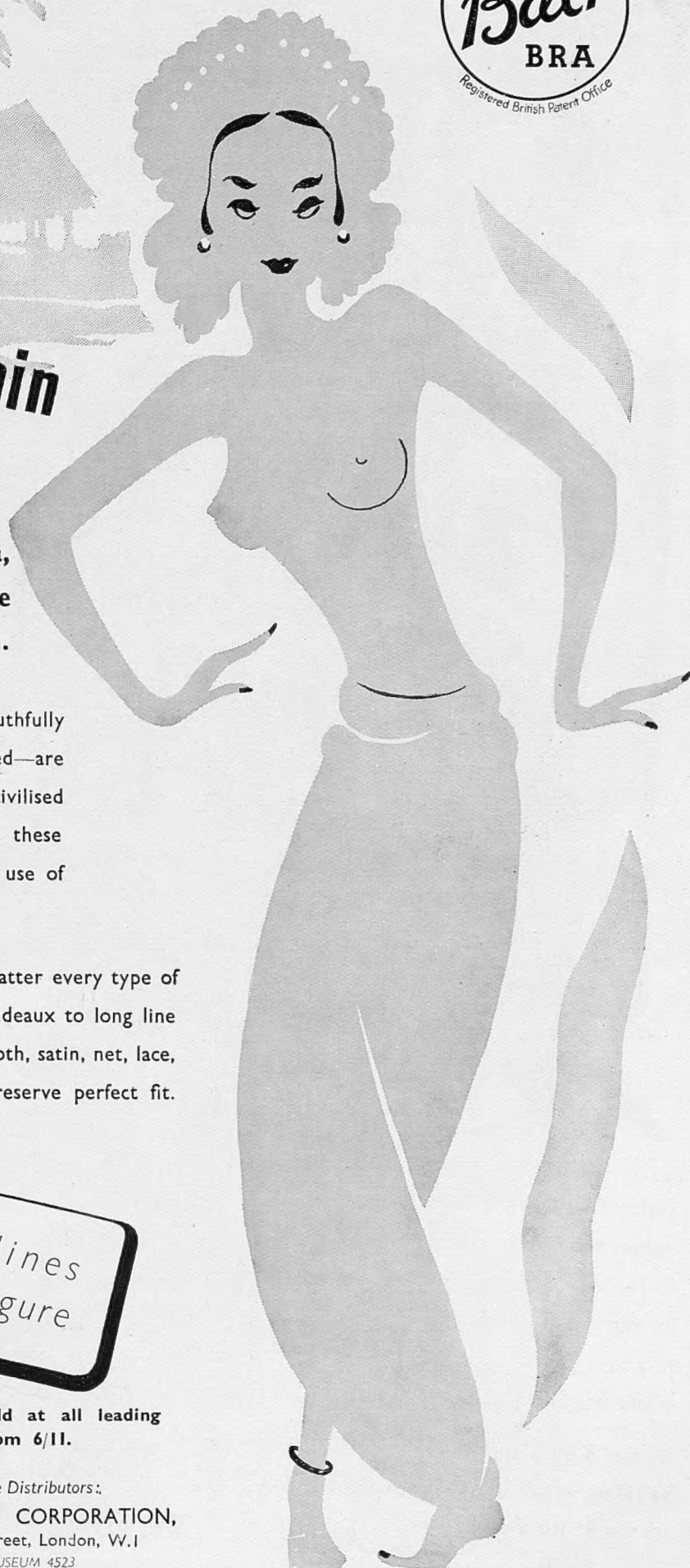
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